McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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VICTORY SNATCHED FROM DEFEAT.

Good Stick Work and Luck in the Ninth Save Us.

SMETHPORT 9, PORT ALLEGANY 4.

The Home Runs of Tull and Keefer Give Us the Game—Other Games.

The Smethport team won from Port Allegany at Kane field yesterday afternoon by a score of 9 to 4 against big odds and we must say that luck took just a little part in our winning yesterday, although we out-played the visitors at every stage of the game. Manager Morrison made an almost fatal mistake by putting Servatius in the box when his arm was in such condition that he absolutely could not put any speed on a ball. His curves were good and the Canoe Place Indians could only find him with their bodies. Three of them were hit in the first inning and all of them had plenty of time to get out of the way if they wanted to do so.

Tull started the game by driving one into the right fielder's mit and Rogers robbed Bell of a pretty hit by a hard running catch which brought hearty cheers from the bleachers. Studholme reached first on his brother's error and Keefer drew four balls. Servatius retired the side with a fly to left field.

Lemon started in by getting hit and Studholme did likewise, a passed ball advanced each a base and both scored on Daniels hit and Torrence's error. Fulton and Rogers struck out and Rogan got his body against the ball, and some loose throwing allowed Daniels to score before Francisco struck out, retiring the side. Score, Indians 3, Smethport 0.

Second inning. Smethport went out in one, two, three order with the exception that Fuller drew four bad ones, and the Indians only tried three men.

Third inning. Tull went out on a fly to center and Bell reached first on center's error and stole second. Studholme fanned, Keefer went up on an error at short, but Francisco got Servatius' fly before we could score. Studholme went out on a short one to Servatius, Daniels took one in the ribs, Fulton drew four ball, Daniels went out on Rogers' grounder to third and Fulton scored on Rogan's fly dropped by Torrence. Keefer retired the side by getting Francisco's duster. Score—Indians 4, Ringsters 0.

Fourth—Young got hit hard in the ribs and took away second and third, Fuller fanned and Denning and Torrence flied to third. Brehn and Varner put them up in the air and Lemon could not find the sphere.

Fifth. Tull went out to pitcher, Bell struck out, but Studholme drew four, stole second and advanced to third on Daniels' fumble of Keefer's ground ball and came home on Servatius' two bagger. Young struck out. Fuller went into the box at this point and there was a decided change in things. Studholme struck out, Daniels got hit (but he did not mean to) and the next two could not touch it. Score—Indians 4, Smethport 1.

Sixth. Fuller made a hit, Denning flyed to left, Torrence fanned and Lemon got Tull's foul. The visitors faced Fuller.

Seventh. Bell drew balls, Studholme fanned, Lemon caught, Keefer's foul, Servatius got first on an error at second and Bell scored on Young's single. Fuller got hit and Rogan's catch of Denning's fly retired the side. Three men faced Fuller. Score—Port 4, S'port 2.

Eight. Torrence batted to pitcher, Tull went to first on an error at second, Bell struck out, Studholme got one in the arm and the base runners made a pretty double steal. Keefer came to bat and after making two fouls was called out on a very lofty ball which the umpire deemed a strike. Three men faced Fuller.

Ninth. Servatius opened this eventful inning by beating out a ground ball to second, Young took another in the slats, Fuller drew four balls filling the bases, and Denning struck out. Torrence bunted to pitcher and Servatius was called out at home although he was really safe. Tull drove it to the tall timber for a home run with the bases full. Bell waited for balls, Studholme got hit and Keefer bunted it into the creek for another circle and this coupled with the fact that some of the players are closely connected with what is commonly known as the court house ring gave our team the nom de plume of Ringsters. Servatius and Young each made singles but Fuller knew we had enough and charitably fanned out. And to wind up the game three men faced Fuller.

The Port Allegany team was well pleased with their treatment at the county seat and all remarked "what a difference from when we were in Austin."

Lawrence Morrison, who acted as umpire, tried to be perfectly fair and in so doing he gave the visitors the best of it on several occasions, but it was his first attempt and the fact that he did his best excuses these little mistakes. He made no areal rank decisions but gave the Indians the benefit of the doubt in every instance.

Following is the tabulated score:

SMETHPORT	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Tull, 3d	6	1	1	2	2	1
Bell, ss	4	2	0	0	1	0
E Studholme, 2d	3	2	0	0	2	0
Keefer, 1st	3	1	1	9	0	0
Servatius, p rf	5	0	3	0	1	0
Young, c	4	1	2	12	1	0
Fuller, rf-p	5	1	1	1	1	0
Denning, cf	5	0	0	1	0	0
Torrence, lf	5	1	0	2	0	2
Total	41	9	8	27	8	3

PORT ALLEGANY	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Lemon, c	3	1	0	12	0	0
G. Studholme, 1se	3	1	0	4	0	1
Daniels, ss	3	1	1	1	0	2
Fulton, lf	3	1	0	2	0	0
Rogers, rf	4	0	0	3	0	0
Rogan, cf	3	0	1	2	0	1
Francisco, 3d	3	0	0	3	0	0
Brehn, 2d	3	0	0	0	4	0
Verner, p	3	0	0	0	1	0
Totals.	28	4	2	27	5	4

Home runs—Tull, Keefer.
Two base hits—Servatius.
Base on balls—off Servatius 1, off Fuller 1, off Verner 6.
Hit by pitcher—by Servatius 4, by Fuller 1, by Verner 1.
Struck out—by Servatius 6, by Fuller 7, by Verner 10.
Stolen bases—Tull, Bell, E Studholme 2, Young 2, Denning 2.
Passed balls—Young 1.
Umpire—Morrison.

AUSTIN 9; SMETHPORT 6.

The Fourth of July game between Smethport and Austin at the latter place was a victory for Austin, but it was not a league game and that is the only consolation we get out of it.

Smethport started off by making four runs in the first inning and reeling the sawdust boys in, one, two, three order. In the second neither team scored. Servatius opened the third with a three-bagger and stole home. At this stage of the game Austin decided it was time to do something and they did it. The umpire joined forces with the players and from that time on they did not give our boys much chance for their money. Six wooden men crossed the plate before the side was retired.

Our boys scored again in the seventh on three clean hits by Young, Servatius and Keefer, which tied the score and ended our run getting. In the eighth Austin run in three more and the score stood Austin 9, Smethport 6.

Servatius made a record for himself with the stick, making a triple, a double and two singles out of five times at bat.

Following is the tabulated score:

Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Meddle, 3d	5	0	1	1	3	1
Studholme, ss	4	1	0	1	4	0
Young, c	5	2	3	5	1	0
Servatius, 2d	5	2	4	2	2	0
Keefer, 1st	5	1	1	10	2	0
Fuller, p	4	0	0	1	5	0
Andrews, lf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Denning, cf	4	0	0	2	0	0
Torrence, rf	4	0	0	2	0	0
Totals.	40	6	10	24	12	0

Austin	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
M. Swain, lf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Siegler, c	4	0	0	9	1	0
F. Swain, ss	4	2	2	0	3	0
McNamara, 2d	3	2	0	1	2	0
Buckley, cf	4	2	2	3	1	0
Fredericks, p	4	1	2	0	3	0
O'Brien, 3d	4	0	0	2	0	1
Rima, rf	4	1	1	0	0	0
Page, 1st	4	0	0	11	0	0
Totals.	85	9	8	27	10	0

Score by innings:									
Smethport	4	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0—6
Austin	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	—9

Three base hit—Servatius.
Two base hits—Fredericks, Buckley, Servatius, Andrews.
Double play—McCabe to Servatius to Keefer.
Base on balls—off Fredericks 3, off Fuller 0.
Hit by pitcher—McNamara.
Struck out—by Fuller 8, Fredericks 10.
Passed balls—Young 1.
Umpire Cronin.

Our base ball team has been "kidded" so much about laying their disputes when away from home to the umpire that they have had very little to say regarding their treatment in Austin last Saturday and we are proud of them for this action. However, a disinterested gentleman who witnessed this game said that the Pittsburg national league team could not get a game away from Austin on the Austin grounds. He said the mob of rooters for the home team were so demonstratively prejudiced that an umpire would not dare give a visiting team a square deal and that they constantly interfered with the visiting players in such a way that they had no chance of winning. Even the Austin papers do not approve of their methods and practically admits in its last issue that Port Allegany was entitled to the game played between those teams. Unless the Austin crowd is more conservative in their actions that team will be thrown out of the league and all teams in this section will refuse to play in Austin.

KANE 14; SMETHPORT 3.

The base ball season in Smethport and Kane field was opened on Friday last with a game between the Kane semi-professional team and Smethport in a most distressing manner. Although a heavy rain delayed the starting of the game on time a large crowd gathered to see what turned out to be a very bad exhibition of the national game on the part of the home team. Servatius was in bad pitching form and the game was slow and sloppy, Studholme, Keefer and Ramer being the only ones to escape black marks. Smethport scored only in the second inning, when a two-base hit by Servatius, followed by a home run by "Old Hoss" Young, a base on balls for Ramer, Torrence's sacrifice and Denning's single netted three runs.

Following is the detailed tale of the disaster:

Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
McCabe, 2d	2	0	0	0	1	1
Fuller, lf	2	0	0	4	1	1
Studholme, ss	2	0	0	0	2	0
Keefer, 1st	2	0	0	6	0	0
Servatius, p	2	1	1	0	2	1
Young, c	2	1	1	4	0	1
Ramer, rf	1	0	0	0	0	0
Torrence, lf	2	0	1	0	2	0
Denning, cf	2	0	1	0	2	0
Totals.	20	2	4	14	11	4

Kane	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Same, cf	4	2	1	2	0	0
Henry, 2d	5	1	1	3	0	0
Hawks, 1st	4	2	2	5	0	0
Clayton, 3d	4	0	1	0	1	0
Smith, c	3	2	2	7	1	0
Nolan, lf	4	0	1	0	0	0
Tull, ss	4	3	2	0	2	0
Kelly, rf	4	3	2	1	0	0
Doubles, p	3	2	2	0	1	0
Totals.	35	13	14	18	5	0

Score by innings:									
Kane	1	6	1	4	1	1			—14
Smethport	0	2	0	0	0	0	1	0	—3

Home run—Young.
Two base hit—Servatius.
Earned runs—Smethport 2, Kane 8
Stolen bases—Smethport 1, Kane 10.
Bases on balls—off Servatius 3, off Doubles 2.
Struck out—by Servatius 2, by Doubles 7.
Hit by pitched ball—Smith.
Umpire—S. Gorton, Jr.

COUDERSPORT 13; SMETHPORT 7.

One little bit of hard luck in the eighth inning turned victory into defeat in the game between our team and Coudersport at the latter place last Monday, which shows that our team has been up against hard luck. At the time of this accident the score stood Smethport 7 and Coudersport 6, Coudersport was at bat with two men on bases and two men out, when Blair sent a high fly into right field. Andrews was called to take the ball and was under it, but Denning, who did not hear the call, made a hard run from center field and got there just in time to collide with Andrews just as the ball struck his hands. The ball was dropped and two men scored. Then things went bad. Denning dropped a fly from the next batter, the next man got hit, McCabe fumbled a grounder, Drake made a hit and before Keefer retired the side seven Diggers had crossed the plate. Following is the score:

Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Keefer, 1st	4	2	1	9	0	0
Studholme, ss	4	1	1	3	2	1
Young, c	5	1	0	5	3	0
Servatius, 2d	5	0	1	1	4	0
McCabe, 3d	3	0	1	1	2	0
Andrews, rf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Fuller, p	3	0	0	2	0	0
Denning, cf	3	0	1	1	0	0
Torrence, lf	4	0	0	2	0	0
Totals.	34	4	5	25	11	1

Coudersport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Johnson, rf	4	1	1	0	0	0
Morgan, 3d	4	0	0	5	1	1
Holland, 2d	3	1	0	3	4	0
Darrell, 1st	4	1	2	8	0	0
Blair, c	4	1	1	7	1	0
Clark, ss	4	0	1	1	4	1
Parish, lf	4	2	1	1	0	1
Allen, cf	3	2	1	0	0	0
Drake, p	3	1	2	0	2	1
Totals.	33	13	10	27	12	4

Score by innings:									
Smethport	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	—7
Coudersport	0	2	4	0	0	0	0	7	—13

Base on balls—off Drake 2, off Fuller 4.
Hit by pitched balls—by Drake 1, by Fuller 3.
Struck out—by Drake 8, by Fuller 3.
Passed balls—Blair 1, Young 1.
Wild pitch—Drake 1.
Umpire—Sweeland.

Olean's Big Celebration.

Olean celebrated the Fourth of July on a large scale this year and it proved to be the grandest celebration ever held in the city of natural advantages. The day was a perfect one and fully 10,000 strangers visited that place in search of amusement which was there in large quantities.

The sham battle, which was held on the athletic field in the morning, was novel and exciting. Captain Francbot of the 43d Separate Company had charge of this part of the program and made it a decided success.

The parade, held in the afternoon, was exceedingly large and many attractive advertising wagons were intermingled with the fantastic features. The champion high stilt walker of the world led the parade and he certainly is a wonder.

Two very successful balloon ascensions and parachute descents were given one at noon and the other in the evening. Many other smaller events were given during the day and in the evening the fireworks concluded an excellent program.

The committees deserve great credit for their successful management of the events of the day and in conclusion we wish to thank the members of the City Club for the many courtesies shown the editor while in the pleasant city of Olean.

Hotel Imperial on Fire.

At about 7:30 Saturday evening it was discovered that smoke was issuing from windows on the third floor of the Hotel Imperial and an alarm was turned in, but the services of the fire department was not needed. The fire was extinguished with a patent fire extinguisher and the aid of a few pails of water before any great damage was done.

The fire started under the floor in the room of one of the domestics and it is thought that a match used by the young lady had fallen in a small crevice in the floor and started the blaze. The floor and rafters of that and one or two adjoining rooms were considerably damaged and the loss will amount to about $200, which is covered by insurance.

It was very lucky that this fire was discovered before it got any great headway or there might have been one of the worst fires in Smethport's history. The Imperial is four stories high and all wood excepting the first story, and besides every building in that block is of wood.

A Good Combination.

A Lawrence Odorless Hot Plate and Bake Oven for this weather. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Redfield has a 5-ply, guaranteed garden hose for 10c a foot.

DIES FROM HIS INJURIES.

M. Lewis Porter Passed Away Tuesday Morning at 8:20.

DIED FROM INTERNAL INJURIES.

Was a Member of Smethport Lodge, I. O. O. F.—Funeral at Franklin, Pa.

M. L. Porter died at the Kane Summit Hospital Tuesday morning at 8:20 o'clock from the injuries he received near the B. & O. Ry. depot on Monday of last week, a detailed account of which was given in these columns last week.

It appears that his injuries were more serious than was supposed at the time of the accident. His hip was broken in three places and it is thought he was badly injured internally and for the last few days his life was despaired of.

The deceased is survived by one half-sister and three brothers who are somewhere in the west, but so far their exact location has not been learned. He was a member in good standing of the I. O. O. F. of Smethport and was popular with his brothers of this fraternity. He was aged about 32 years, was of a genial and obliging disposition and had many friends in Smethport who deeply mourn his untimely death.

His remains were taken to Franklin, Pa., where the funeral will take place to-day. A delegation of Odd Fellows accompanied the body and the funeral will be under the auspices of that lodge.

Death of Mrs. F. E. Rowley.

Mrs. Victoria, wife of Fred E. Rowley, died at her home in Port Allegany on Monday morning. The cause of her death is not known.

Miss Victoria Goodwin, daughter of Thomas Goodwin of Farmers Valley, was born and spent her early days on the Goodwin homestead. On September 22, 1880, she was united in marriage to Mr. Fred E. Rowley and they took up their residence in Port Allegany, where they have resided until the present. Three children came to bless this union, two of whom survive, together with her husband, her father and a maiden sister who live at Farmers Valley, another sister, Mrs. Charles H. Moore of Clearfield, Pa., and one brother, Thomas Goodwin of Wilder, Minn.

Mrs. Rowley was a consistent member of the Episcopal church and did a great deal of work in the parish. She was a kind and loving wife, mother and neighbor and a large circle of sincere friends will join with her relatives in their deep sorrow.

The funeral services are being held in Port Allegany this afternoon, Rev. J. Heber McCandless of St. Luke's church, Smethport, officiating.

Fight at Ormsby.

Several men got into a serious fight at Ormsby the other night which came near costing Del. Prime, a well-known character, his life. The trouble started over the possession of a bottle of that which inebriates. Prime attempted to take the bottle away from its owner and the owner felled Prime to the ground with the bottle, breaking the weapon. He then jumped onto him and struck his antagonist several times in the face with the broken bottle, inflicting severe wounds.

At first it was thought that Prime would die and a justice went to his bedside and took his statement. In his deposition Prime admitted that he was the aggressor and therefore no arrests have been made. The wounded man is considered to be out of danger.

Fatal Trolley Wreck at Warren.

A special from Warren, dated July 6, says: An appalling accident happened on the Warren Electric Traction Company's road at Irvinedale Park, three miles outside of this city, shortly after 12 o'clock Saturday morning. Archie Stricker, aged 20, is dead; John Jensen, aged 20, will die, and Alfred Graham, aged 20, is seriously injured. A heavily loaded car, on which the men were riding, collided with another coming in an opposite direction. Stricker, Jensen and Graham were standing on the forward fender. Graham jumped and this action saved his life, although he was severely injured. Stricker and Jensen were caught between the cars and terribly crushed. The former died before reaching the city and the latter is injured internally and cannot recover.

Estray Notice.

Came to the premises of the undersigned, in Norwich township, on or about June 26, 1903, a red and white yearling heifer. Owner can have same by proving property and paying charges, otherwise it will be disposed of according to laws governing estrays.

FRANK STRANBURG,
Colegrove, Pa.

For Sale.

One oak dining table, six leather upholstered dining chairs and an oak side board or buffet. For particulars apply to F. G. Lindholm.

Subscribe for the MINER.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

On Wednesday, June 24, 1868, on motion of Hon. R. Brown, Henry King, Esq., of this borough was admitted to practice in the several courts of this county. Judge Brown stated that Mr. King passed a very creditable examination. He is a young man of good mind and will doubtless make an excellent and safe counsellor.

Died, in Austin township, June 21, 1868, Mrs. Nancy Hodges, wife of Joseph Hodges, Esq., aged 64 years.

Married, on July 4, 1868, by Rev. R. D. Hays, Mr. Silas Bliss of Shippen, Pa., and Miss Lovina Hackett of Smethport.

The want of a first-class photograph gallery has long been felt in this place and we are more than pleased that our old friend, E. V. Chadwick, has had the enterprise to supply what has been so much needed. He has built a gallery on the square just back of the court house, with a fine skylight and all the modern arrangements for taking the best class of photographs. He has secured the services of Mr. R. A. Cooper, a gentleman of long experience in the business, who excels as a positionist and who feels confident he can give the utmost satisfaction to all those who favor him with a call.

We learn that our townsman Thos. King, Esq. was stricken down by sunstroke in the streets of Coudersport on Tuesday last. Since that time we have heard nothing from him, but doubtless he is recovering or his friends here would have been informed of his condition.

Married, in Keating township, on Monday, July 13, 1868, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. R. D. Hays, Mr. Thomas Malone to Miss Leila Shattuck. If the senior member of the Miner family thinks he can get married and slip out of town early Monday morning without leaving anything behind to cause the "devil" to remember him, he is slightly mistaken. In the meantime we hope he is keeping off from all such streets as Broadway this hot weather and using every means to keep cool. For future happiness and prosperity he and his beautiful bride have the best wishes of the whole Miner fraternity.

Married, in Bradford township, July 26, 1868, by Rev. H. E. Hart, Mr. Lucern Hawkins to Miss Lydia Rogers, all of Bradford.

Died, at Farmington, near Salt Lake City, Utah, July 1, 1868, Ira Oviatt, formerly of Smethport, aged 63 years, 6 months and 23 days.

In Otto township, August 4, 1868, Phoebe A. Windsor, aged, 15 years and 8 months.

In Keating township, August 11, 1868, Edward Tracy, aged 72 years. Mr. Tracy was one of the oldest settlers of that township and well and favorably known to the citizens of this section of country. He leaves a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn his loss.

On August 17, 1868, at the age of 86 years, 4 months and 16 days, at the residence of Mr. Gardner Barrett in Keating township, Mrs. Dolly Cogswell, wife of the late John Cogswell (who died at the same place on the 5th of May last) after a lingering illness of four weeks, which she bore with Christian fortitude and resignation.

A few days ago Dexter was taken on to the Fashion Course and made the unprecedented time of one mile in two minutes and fourteen seconds. Dexter's trainer says that after he has been got in thorough condition he will make still better time. Whether he does or not his past achievements have fairly earned for him the name of "King of the Turf."

We are indebted to the workmanship and skill of Messrs. B. L. Knapp and G. Lyman for the workmanlike manner in which they constructed the beautiful Republican liberty pole which was raised by them on Tuesday last. The pole is considered the prettiest as well as the highest pole raised in this section. Messrs. Knapp and Lyman are stirring fellows and understand their business and we would recommend them for all such jobs as putting together and raising liberty poles, as we never saw one raised so easily as was the one on Tuesday last under their supervision.

The Republican Senatorial convention assembled at Wellsboro, Tioga county, Pa., on Thursday, September 3, 1868, and unanimously nominated A. G. Olmsted of Potter county as the Republican candidate for the State Senate. In the person of Mr. Olmsted the Republicans of this district have a candidate of whom they may well be proud. He is so thoroughly identified with the interests of the district and State as to make his defeat impossible. He is one of the most eminent lawyers of the district and well adapted to the position for which he has been nominated. He has attended the courts of quarter sessions in this county for many years and is well known to many of our citizens. We will assure him that he will receive the full party vote of McKean county.

A hand sprayer, 5 different streams. Vegetables, bushes, tall trees and washing windows; will reach 30 feet. J. C. HAMM.

POPE LEO VIII IS DYING.

Has Been in a Dangerous Condition for Nearly a Week.

HIS DEATH MAY COME ANY TIME.

Wonderful Endurance Keeps Him Alive—A Great Man.

The death of Pope Leo VIII has for the past four or five days been expected at any moment, but this morning's papers say that he is still alive.

It is only a matter of a very short time when the end must come and before this issue reaches its readers he may have passed into the great beyond.

This noble man is 93 years of age and at 68, when he was made the head of the Roman Catholic church of the world, he was considered a feeble man, but his wonderful endurance has carried him through many apparently fatal sicknesses. This time, however, he seems to realize that the end is near and has made all preparations for the passing from this life.

Cloudburst Drowns 36.

A terrible cloudburst and the breaking of a dam above Oakford Park, one mile from Jeannette, Pa., was responsible for the death of 36 pleasure-seekers and the loss of $6,500,000 worth of property.

When the cloudburst came the park was filled with men, women and children. The proprietors of the pleasure resort gave warning that there was danger but the crowd was slow to leave the shelter and run for the hills in the torrents of rain and many were caught in the awful flood which soon followed. The buildings in the park were swept down the narrow valley with their inmate freight, few of whom escaped.

The bodies were buried beneath the debris and flood and their recovery was slow. Most of those who lost their lives were between the ages of 16 and 40 years and resided in Pittsburg, Jeannette and Greensburg. Late reports state that 20 bodies have been recovered and 18 are still missing.

A Bit of Departure.

In Dave Dennison's Random Notes in the Bradford Era we find the following:

Sheriff Mayes says that Graham and Ryan, the two young men who are in the county jail charged with the killing of Charles Wagoner, are taking their enforced retirement from the strenuous life quite philosophically. They find no fault, they say, with their present situation, but the future worried them.

"You are in a state of suspense, as it were," said the sheriff to the prisoners.

"I should say we are," answered Graham.

"And we will do well," remarked Ryan, "if the suspense will not be more painful after a while."

"Well," observed the sheriff cheerfully, "if I have to hang either of you I will do the job as neatly and decently as it can be done." But neither of the prisoners seemed to see anything encouraging in that.

The Fourth at Smethport.

The Fourth of July was a quiet day in Smethport, although there were a good many visitors in town, people who came here to visit friends and pass a pleasant day out of the noise and tumult of the towns where large celebrations were advertised.

In the afternoon a game of base ball was played at Kane field between teams known as the Fats and Leans, the Fats winning by a score of 24 to 22 in a seven inning game. The crowd was small but enthusiastic and most of the participants were extremely sore the next day.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending July 4, 1903:

Harry Bell, Gerhard Fenner, Mrs. Cassandan Hall, Miss Anna Lanning, Miss Lottie Martin, Harne Rolley, Mrs. A. E. Warner.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Dr. Burg Chadwick.

Dr. Burg Chadwick has his office over the Palace Pharmacy where he will be pleased to meet all his old patients and friends. Prompt attention given to calls day or night.

Notice of Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore subsisting between George Shepard and J. C. Gallup, under the firm name of Shepard & Gallup, was dissolved on the sixth day of July, nineteen hundred and three, by mutual consent. All debts owing to the said partnership are to be received by said J. C. Gallup, and all demands on the said partnership are to be presented to him for payment.

GEORGE SHEPARD,
J. C. GALLUP.

Time is Money.

Why not order a Leonard C[illegible] Refrigerator to-day? [illegible] less.

IN APEX CANYON

By WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

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After Huntly had got his sister aboard the Rocky Mountain Limited and comfortably settled in her section he looked about to see if by any chance there were any of his friends aboard to whom he might confide the care of his sister for the journey from Chicago to Denver. His eye fell on Maddox—big Jim Maddox of Cripple Creek and Seattle and Los Angeles, a mining argonaut who knew his west as a Boston girl does her Henry James.

A moment later Maddox's big fist was squeezing the blood out of the cabman's limp hand.

"By thunder, Huntly, but I'm glad to see you. Let me see, last time I saw you was on the dump of the Mollie K., out in God's country. Member the day I drove you up Son-of-a-Gun hill and sold you 5,000 shares in the James G. Blaine? We saw weather that day, young man. The blizzard sure did hit us on the way home. You on the way out there now?"

Huntly rescued a paralyzed hand before he ventured on explanations. "No. I'm seeing my sister started. She has not been well, and the doctors have ordered a complete change. We're sending her to Denver. It was the original plan that I should go with her, but I received a telegram this morning that the senior partner of our firm has died suddenly, and it is imperative that I should leave for New York at once. Would it be asking too much of you to see that she doesn't get too lonesome and that she makes connections with my aunt at Denver?"

"Well, I guess not. That's what I'm here for—to help out my friends when they need me. But I'm not much of a lady's man. Miss Huntly will have to take me in the rough."

Now, big hearted, breezy Jim Maddox was the very man to cheer a homesick girl who was traveling in search of health. He was as full of good spirits and wholesome energy as a Fourth of July is of noise. He had in his varied past experiences enough back of him to begin a romance, and he had the gift of breezy narration as few men have it. To be sure, he didn't know anything about young college graduates from Bryn Mawr, but as soon as he had seen Miss Huntly he was more than willing to learn.

Helen Huntly accepted the introduction with outward reserve and with inward doubt. She was tired, and she did not want to have to smile and look pleasant to this big, awkward man for two whole days. But Maddox did not know of the existence of either the doubt or the reserve. If he had, it wouldn't have mattered. His big brown hand came out and buried the little white one, and somehow the girl found herself less lonely when she looked into the honest, smiling, blue eyed face of this unmet stranger.

Before they had reached Rock Island she was congratulating herself on the good fortune that had made him her traveling companion. He was the most interesting man on her list, she decided. More strange adventures had fallen to his lot than to a dozen average men. He told his experiences quite simply, and because she was interested in hearing them, not at all because he was proud of them. He seemed to have gathered into his personality the freedom and the breadth of about a dozen of the mountain states. He wasn't coarse in the least, but he was as unconventional as a Kansas cyclone in action. He trampled unconsciously on her New England traditions with a vigor that would have shocked it had not amused her. They simply did not exist for him; that was all.

The emotions of Jim Maddox were not a bit complex. When after two happy days he said goodby at the Union depot in Denver, where Miss Huntly's aunt met her, he had already made up his mind to marry her or know the reason why. As he phrased it to himself:

"You've struck the best vein of ore you ever unearthed, Jim Maddox, and if you don't follow it up you're the biggest fool in Arapahoe county."

He certainly followed it up, and if his mines at Cripple Creek required any great amount of personal attention during the next three weeks they must have suffered, for their owner openly and actually made it the business of his life to woo Miss Huntly. He organized picnics and excursions galore, and he always contrived to be the man who was paired off with her. Finally he induced a party of the older Miss Huntly's choosing to go camping in the mountains near a new mine he was developing.

As to Miss Huntly, Jr., her feelings were as a house divided against itself. She found herself falling into a greater liking than she cared to admit for this tree and easy blond Hercules, and the nature of her liking did not approve itself to her judgment. She knew, of course, that he was in love with her, and the knowledge of it sent delightful thrills to her heart, but afterward she would scourge herself for it. The things that had formerly seemed to her vital she began to find herself appraising by his unconventional standards, and all the instincts of her life training fought against the concessions to the western spirit. Even while the charm of his easy breadth fascinated her the Puritan and the social instincts of the girl rebelled at accepting them. She liked immensely the frank equality that existed between him and his workmen, but she knew that such a relation would not be possible for a minute in the east. And, after all, she told herself, she belonged to the east, at which point in her meditations Jim Maddox would perhaps arrive and set her heart to hammering at his friendly audacities.

It was at a picnic up Apex canyon that the young mine owner declared himself. After luncheon he had taken her farther up the gulch to see a curious rock formation, and there, seated on a big rock in the shallow mountain stream, with the steep bluffs rising on each side of them, he had asked her to marry him.

"I'm not worthy of you by a thousand miles. I'm only a rough, self made man with a sort of pick ax education. I don't suppose I'd know a Gainsborough from a Nattier if I saw them walking down the street together. I reckon I know the points of a cayuse, and I can tell pay ore when I see it, but that happens to be my business. So far as I can make it out, there's just one point in my favor—there couldn't any man love you more than I do, dear. I'll have to rest my case on that. I'd make you happy if it were in me."

Miss Huntly leaned forward and put her chin in her hand. Her gray eyes were troubled and her forehead furrowed. She looked quite cool, though her heart thumped madly.

"I'm ashamed of myself. I always thought that a girl ought to know her own heart. I have no patience with myself," she said.

"Do you mean"—

"I mean that I don't know, Mr. Maddox. I like you more than any man I ever met and like a different way, but I'm not sure that"—

From farther up the canyon there came a mighty roar. Maddox grew white beneath the tan. He gave the girl his hand and lifted her to her feet.

"Come, run for your life," he commanded hoarsely, and she, looking in his face, wondered at the sudden change.

They reached the bank and raced for the sides of the gorge that shut them in. Up the precipitous cliffs they clambered, his arm round her waist, clinging to scrub brush or flaming goldenrod, as chance happened. In another instant the great wall of water leaped into sight round the bend in the gorge and tore hungrily at them. Maddox felt the almost irresistible suction, but hung desperately to a slender quaking aspen with one hand while the other, still encircling the girl, clutched at a point of rock. The water caught fiercely at them, tore their footing from under them, beat against them with a force hardly to be denied. But Maddox knew the struggle was for the life he most valued on earth, for if the current once swept them away they would surely be beaten to pieces on the rocks.

"I can't hold on longer," she told him.

"You must," he bade her sternly. "Just another minute, girl."

How long that minute was he never knew, but at last the water from the cloudburst had spent its force and fallen away from them. Together they worked slowly up the cliff to a great abutting rock, and on this the girl sat, almost fainting with fatigue and excitement. There was still a great fear in her face. She held her hands out to Maddox.

"Don't let me go. I am afraid," she said. Then again, shivering, "I am afraid, Jim."

His eyes shone. "It's all right now, Helen. The danger is past. I'll stand by you, little woman."

He put his arm around her and kissed her hair. She, still trembling, snuggled closer in his arms.

Watering Plants.

Watering is an exhaling labor, and yet half of it is usually unnecessary. The reasons why it is unnecessary are two—the soil is so shallowly prepared that the roots do not strike deep enough, we waste the moisture by allowing the soil to become hard, thereby setting up capillary connection with the atmosphere and letting the water escape.

See how moist the soil is in spring. Mulch it so that the moisture will not evaporate. Mulch it with a garden rake—by keeping the soil loose and dry on top. This loose, dry soil is the mulch. There will be the moisture underneath. Save water rather than add it. Then when you do have to water the plants go at it as if you meant it. Do not dribble. Wet the soil clear through. Wet it at dusk or in cloudy weather. Before the hot sun strikes it renew your mulch or supply a mulch of fine litter. More plants are spoiled by sprinkling than by drought. Bear in mind that watering is only a special practice, the general practice is to so fit and maintain the ground that the plants will not need watering.—Country Life In America.

The Japanese Acrobat's Toes.

The little Japanese acrobat, in his short robe of black embroidered with gold dragons, walked slowly up the slanting wire cable to the very roof of the circus tent. There he paused a moment and then—swish, swish, swish—he slid smoothly and gracefully down the steep wire to the ground. Elevating his voice above the loud applause, the old circus man said: "That sliding trick has never been learned by a European. It's a trick that the Japs alone do. If you watched our little friend you noticed that he always kept the wire between his big toe and the second toe. When he slid, the wire was between his toes. That is the way the Japanese learn to walk the wire, but we English and Americans can't learn to walk in that way because our toes have not the same suppleness and strength. Our toes, confined for generations in unhygienic, tight, heavy leather boots, have no muscle and no mobility. To slide down a wire requires well developed toes first of all. We, therefore, can't match the Japs in this showy, telling and difficult feat."—Philadelphia Record.

Blindfold.

Nine persons out of ten would probably give the derivation of blind as coming directly from blind and fold from the practice of folding a cloth round the eyes, as in the game of blind man's buff. The word has, however, nothing to do with fold, but means felled or struck blind and might be written blindfelled. In the same way the word buttery is easily confused with the common term butter, with which, however, it has no connection save in the minds of those who do not know it to be a contraction for bottlery, a place where bottles are kept and over which the bottler, or butler, presides.—Chambers' Journal.

MISTAKES OF BIRDS.

Often Are the Result of Contact With Civilization.

Probably in a state of wild nature birds never make mistakes, but where they come in contact with our civilization and are confronted by new conditions they very naturally make mistakes. For instance, their cunning in nest building sometimes deserts them. The art of the bird is to conceal its nest both as to position and as to material, but now and then it is betrayed into weaving into its structure showy and bizarre bits of this or that which give its secret away and which seem to violate all the traditions of its kind. I have the picture of a robin's nest before me upon the outside of which are stuck a small muslin flower, a leaf from a small calendar and a photograph of a local celebrity. A more incongruous use of material in bird architecture it would be hard to find. I have been told of another robin's nest upon the outside of which the bird had fastened a wooden label from a nearby flower bed marked "Wake Robin." Still another nest I have seen built upon a large, showy foundation of the paperlike flowers of immortelle or everlasting. The wood thrush frequently weaves a fragment of newspaper or a white rag into the foundation of its nest. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." The newspaper and the rag bag unsettle the wits of the birds.

The phœbe bird is capable of this kind of mistake or indiscretion. All the past generations of her tribe have built upon natural and therefore neutral sites, usually under shelving and overhanging rocks, and the art of adapting the nest to its surroundings, blending it with them, has been highly developed. But phœbe now frequently builds under our sheds and porches, where, so far as concealment is concerned, a change of material, say from moss to dry grass or shreds of bark, would be an advantage to her. But she departs not a mite from the family traditions; she uses the same, woody mosses which in some cases, especially when the nest is placed upon unevenly sawed timber, makes her secret an open one to all eyes.—John Burroughs in Century.

APHORISMS.

No legacy is so rich as honesty.—Shakespeare.

A grateful dog is better than an ungrateful man.—Sandi.

We first make our habits and then our habits make us.—Emmons.

The retrospect of life swarms with lost opportunities.—Sir H. Taylor.

To be happy is not the purpose of our being, but to deserve happiness.—Fitch.

Fortune may find a pot, but your own industry must make it boil.—Rousseau.

When a person is down in the world an ounce of help is better than a pound of preaching.—Bulwer.

No man ever did a designed injury to another but at the same time he did a greater to himself.—Home.

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing he has one good reason for letting it alone.—Thomas Scott.

To be perfectly just is an attribute of the divine nature, to be so to the utmost of our abilities is the glory of man.—Addison.

He Didn't Understand.

A little fellow out West, Rothaniy way some ten years old, perhaps twelve, nested his grandmothers the other day rather neatly. All three were at the table when one of the ladies casually mentioned the name of the family nurse. Immediately the little fellow wanted to know who the lady was. One grandma innocently remarked that it was the nurse that took care of the boy when he was born.

"But why didn't mamma take care of me? I was her baby, wasn't I?" queried the little fellow. "True," says grandma; "but you see, mamma doesn't understand how to look after little babies, particularly the first one, and we have to have nurses who have learned how in the hospitals." That seemed to settle it, but all of a sudden the little fellow blurted out: "Well, then, who took care of Cain?"—Boston Traveler.

The Frog's Feeding.

Mr. Frog has an enormous mouth for his size, and if we were to put a finger inside it we would find that he has a row of teeth in the upper jaw and that his soft white tongue, unlike our own, is attached in front and is free behind. When he wishes to catch any insect he throws out the free end of the tongue, then draws it in so rapidly that it is difficult to see whether he has been successful or not. As the tongue is coated with a gummy fluid, the insect sticks to it and is carried back into the mouth, which closes upon it like the door of a tomb. Frogs, however, are not limited to one mode of feeding. They often leap open mouthed upon larger prey, which includes besides insects small fish, mice, small ducklings, nestlings and—like toads—frogs.—Woman's Home Companion.

Friends.

Put your heart into the search for a friend freely offer assistance to any of the crowd who needs it, and, sooner or later, you will find a hand outstretched toward yours, and your soul will meet its likeness. Do not imitate those who shut up in their individuality as in a citadel, indifferent to all passers by, yet send forth on the four winds of heaven the melancholy cry, "There are no friends!" They do exist, be sure of it, but only for those who seek, for those deeply interested in the search and for those who do not remain content to spin out the thread of life in a corner like a spider's web, intended to catch happiness.

Majesty of Greatness.

Here the eminent statesman who was dictating the particulars of his early career to the reporter paused for a moment.

"This will be the place, I think," he said, "to insert the statement that I don't like to talk about myself and that I mention these facts with evident reluctance."—Chicago Tribune.

WHEN BURGLARS CALL.

The Proper Thing to Do and the Proper Way to Do It.

"Events that are apparently trivial in the daytime assume an opulence of importance in the dead of night. A slight noise, out of the ordinary, will sometimes have its bearing on the married lives of two people," says Tom Masson in Life.

"When, therefore, your wife wakes you up with that ingenuously nervous movement that indicates a broodling horror do not lose your presence of mind. Keep from shaking if possible, and while secretly your heart may be in your throat do not betray yourself. Above all, do not wake up too soon. Begin by groaning slightly, and roll over. At the second pull on her part it will be entirely proper for you to start slightly, rub your eyes and mutter any unintelligible sentence. Then, as you gradually wake up and she becomes more persistent, you may allow yourself to say, 'Oh, pshaw, no!'

"Remember that up to this moment the formula for a husband waked up by his wife who hears a noise is always the same and should only be varied later. Now, however, is the time to act.

"Dash quickly from the bed and either reach for your revolver, or if that isn't handy shake the first thing that presents itself, fire tongs, curling irons or a chair, and rush madly to the door.

"If you have acted your part correctly and courageously you will find your wife there before you, barring the entrance.

"By this time, if you have made noise enough, the burglars, if there were any, have without doubt departed, and when you have persuaded your wife that the thing must be done, you can search the house at your leisure and ever afterward pose as a genuine hero who was thwarted in his purpose at the critical moment."

FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

The northern slope of a hillside is the best location for an apple orchard.

The pear will come as near bearing a crop of fruit every year as any other kind of fruit.

If the currant worm makes its appearance, dust the foliage while the dew is on with white hellebore.

In transplanting plants from pots invert the pot and rap the bottom of it sharply, and the plant will come out.

An overloaded grapevine will not mature its fruit. If it bears more than it ought it will ripen its fruit late.

Air slaked lime sprinkled on rose bushes when the dew is on will destroy insects without injuring the bushes.

Rose plants should have plenty of light and heat. Nothing will blight their buds sooner than shade and moisture.

Nearly all cultivated fruits are liable to overbear. This is always injurious and should be prevented. One of the best preventives is thinning.

One of the best places to use coal ashes is around the base of the fruit trees. Put a mound of them around each tree. Borers will not be so apt to trouble them.

The Russian Amsterdam.

St. Petersburg is one of the few great cities which have been made and not born. During his residence in Holland Peter the Great was so impressed by Amsterdam, perched upon the waters, that he determined to abandon Moscow and build a new capital which should have canals for streets. In his campaign against Sweden in 1702 he noted an island situated in the mid-stream of the Neva. "Here is my Russian Amsterdam!" he exclaimed and immediately began the building of a city there. The site was a marsh in summer and a frozen morass in winter. Two miserable huts were the only buildings. The erection of the citadel, a great fort in the shape of a hexagon, with a tower 200 feet high, on the north bank of the Neva, was his first care. The cottage in which Peter lived while laying out the city still exists.

Children In Somaliland.

Children are regarded as a chief asset in the belongings of a Somali native. A man may have as many as four wives, and most of the patriarchs boast of tremendous families. One old chief of a tribe near Berbera was the head of a family consisting of 23 sons, 20 daughters and 300 grandchildren. A father sells his daughters for camels and often builds up for himself a fortune in this way. The children are named according to the circumstances of their birth, as Wa Berri (born in the morning) or Robleh (born in the rain).

Revenge.

The doctor's wife went to the door. She and the woman next door were not on friendly terms, but the tramp did not know that. "De lady next door," he said, "give me a piece of her home made pie and I bought"—

"I'm sorry," interrupted the doctor's wife, "but the doctor isn't at home just now. However, there's a physician in the next block, and if you hurry he may be able to give you relief before much harm is done."—Chicago Post.

The Easy Route.

The old squire lay a-dying, and his faithful coachman was summoned to the bedside. "Well, John," said the old gallant, "I'm going now on a longer journey than ever you could drive me."

"Never mind, squire; never mind," cried the servant in a broken voice. "It'll be downhill all the way."—London Globe.

Sudden.

Ethel—There, I've forgotten to attend a function to which I was invited. How careless!

George—You should have an engagement calendar.

Ethel—Oh, George, this is so sudden!—Chicago Record-Herald.

A terrible lot of money is spent on parlor scenery at a wedding that is longed for to buy kitchen scenery later on.—Atchison Globe.

PORTRAITS OF CATS.

Various Reasons Why They Are Very Difficult to Paint.

In speaking of the putting of cats on canvas a painter of them recently said: "They are without doubt one of the most difficult creatures to paint, and lamentably few artists make a success of their portraiture. They are almost impossible to keep quiet, and the particular fluffiness of their coats is far from easy to depict in pigments. The famous cat painters are few, and when choice of chance discovers one he, or more often she, finds the gift a mine of wealth.

"In David Brooke's well known picture of the darky preacher at dinner in the Corcoran Art gallery in Washington the cat in the foreground could be induced to sit still only by having her feet glued to the floor. But satisfactory results as to expression, in which a cat's face can be particularly eloquent, are not to be secured in this way. Those who have had reason to know say that even the fur of felines is indicative of several things. In health and contentment it stands out fluffily from their bodies, while in fear or displeasure it lies flat and limply to the skin.

"Not long since a picture was placed on exhibition of a cat jumping milk. With its tail held high. Though the technique was good and the fur really furry, the value of the whole was practically nil because no cat has ever been known to eat milk with its tail in the air. With waving tails they do indeed rush toward the food, but with the first sip or bite down goes the caudal appendage lower and lower, until with a full stomach it sweeps the ground. In the case of young kittens it is often different, however. They scramble up to a dish of milk with their pointed, rattlike tails at right angles to their rolly polly bodies and sometimes forget to take down this sign of inflation and alertness. Any one who knows cats knows that the tail at every angle and with every movement is expressive of some definite emotion."

CHIVALRY OF SAVAGES.

Many Barbarous Tribes Are Exceedingly Deferential to Women.

Untraveled people continually suppose that savages always treat their women badly, making mere slaves and beasts of burden of them. This is true in some cases, but many barbarians are exceedingly chivalrous toward women.

The Maoris of New Zealand always treat women with the greatest deference and respect, so much so that the Earl of Ranfurly once called them "the truest gentlemen on earth." They will not permit a woman to do any hard work if they can do it for her, and their boys are taught from earliest youth that rudeness and unkindness toward women are crimes only second to lying and cowardice.

A young English lady named Gertrude Bell traveled alone among the Druses of Syria. She was everywhere received by them with the greatest courtesy and hospitality. Special tents were assigned to her use, and the sheiks vied with each other in being her humble servants. "No well bred English gentleman could have been more chivalrous," she said, "and they were just as courteous to their own women as they were to me."

The Fijians go to extremes. They are so deferential and polite to their women folk that they let the latter "rule the roost" entirely. A woman's word is apt to be law in the Fiji islands.

As a rule, women occupy a subordinate place in the east, but Kashmir is an exception. The Kaffirs are of Aryan origin and to all appearances are a white race. They claim Alexander the Great as their ancestor and have a lofty code of chivalry. Their women, lovely creatures with fair complexions, blue eyes and flaxen hair, are treated far better than most women in civilized society.

Constable and His Pictures.

Constable, the eminent British painter, once sat on the hanging committee of the British Royal academy when a small landscape was brought up for judgment and pronounced awfully bad by everybody but himself. He rose and made a short and startling speech. "That picture was painted by me. I had a notion that some of you didn't like my work, and this is a pretty convincing proof. I am very much obliged to you." When his colleagues recovered from their stupefaction the head carpenter was bidden to bring back the picture. But Constable would not have it. "Cut it goes," he said grimly.

A Monument to Cheerfulness.

The following quaint epitaph is to be seen in Crayford churchyard, Kent. It strikes us one of the very prettiest monuments to cheerfulness in all Merrie England. "Here lieth the body of Peter Isnel thirty years clerk of this parish. He lived respected as a pious and a merciful man and died on his way to church to assist at a wedding on the 31st day of March, 1811, aged seventy years. The inhabitants of Crayford have erected this stone to his memory and as a token of his long and faithful service."—London Standard.

The Sad With the Good.

Visitor—Why don't you open your windows and get in some fresh air?

Flatman—Because as sure as we do we'll let in some stale air that cornetist next door starts playing about this time of night.—Exchange.

A Follower of Precept.

Simpson—You blow your own horn a good deal.

Jenkins—Well, if you want a thing well done do it yourself.—Detroit Free Press.

The Best Thing.

"What do you mean by kissing me, Herr Frisch?"

"My aunt told me to. She told me to come and help myself to the best thing I could find in the kitchen!"—Fliegende Blatter.

Wherever there is authority there is a natural inclination to disobedience.

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Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 6, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The Bradford races are on.

—Frog hunters are getting in their work now.

—No one was injured here on our national holiday.

—Smethport sent a large delegation to Olean to hear the eagle scream.

—The Clarion Normal School has a new advertisement in this issue.

—Shamrock III beat Shamrock I 6 minutes and 18 seconds in a 30 mile race on Monday.

—The Epworth League will hold its meeting Sunday evening in the Park, weather permitting.

—"How to Cure the Blues" is the subject for Sunday evening at the Methodist church. The morning subject is "Dry Rot in Character."

—The Central State Normal School at Lock Haven has a new advertisement in this issue which will interest those interested in higher education.

—Kent W. Butterworth of Coudersport, an erstwhile newspaper man, was married to Miss Minnie Jackman of Sweden Valley on Tuesday of last week. We extend congratulations.

—Miss Maude Davidson of Port Allegany and Mr. John Brophy, formerly of this place, were married recently in Buffalo. The MINER and Smethport friends extend congratulations.

—Jack Root of Chicago went down to defeat at the hands of Geo. Gardner in the 12th round of the scheduled 20 rounds at the International Athletic Club at Fort Erie last Saturday.

—Arthur McKeown, who is well-known throughout this section, created quite a sensation at Celeron on Sunday by circulating a report that he, his wife and a Bradford lady had been drowned.

—Barney Oldfield broke all world's records in automobile races in Columbus, Ohio, on Saturday. The time for ten miles was nine minutes and 54 2-5 seconds and the fastest mile was made in 66 2-5 seconds.

—Twenty-three persons were killed and nine injured in a head-on collision on the Virginia Midland division of the Southern Railway at Rockfish, Va., Tuesday afternoon. Most of the passengers killed and injured were negroes.

—It is feared that George Kelly of Oswayo, Potter county, is suffering from hydrophobia. He was bitten by a dog several weeks ago and has shown some signs of the terrible malady. He was taken to Pasteur Institute, New York, for treatment.

—The seventh annual session of the Grove City Bible Conference will begin at Grove City, Pennsylvania, Thursday evening, August 6th, and close Sabbath evening, August 16th. The program is the best ever offered in Grove City. Write for program and rates of entertainment. Address all communications to the president, Isaac C. Ketler, Grove City, Pa.

—On account of the International Convention of the Epworth League, to be held at Detroit, Mich., July 16 to 19, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell round trip tickets to Detroit from all stations on its lines, July 14 and 15, good to return until July 20, when properly validated by Joint Agent, at rate of single fare for the round trip. For further information concerning rates, routes, stop-overs, extension of limit, etc., consult nearest Pennsylvania Railroad ticket agent.

Fishhooks.

Practically all the best fishhooks in the world and nearly 90 of all qualities—are made at Redditch, England. The annual output is probably 500,000,000 hooks, about 10,000,000 per week, ranging in size from enormous and ferocious looking shark hooks to the tiniest hooks for very small trout flies, with a "bend" diameter of about one-sixteenth of an inch, a thousand of which will not more than fill a good sized thimble. The price varies as much as the size, ranging from a few pence to two or three pounds per thousand.

No Violence.

Jolkley—I submitted some humorous sketches here several days ago. They haven't appeared. Did you kill them?

Editor—I passed upon them, but I don't think that killed them.

Jolkley—No?

Editor—No; I think they just died naturally of old age.—Philadelphia Press.

Very Affecting.

"My plea," said the young lawyer who had just won his first case, "seemed to strongly affect the jury."

"Yes," replied the judge, "I was afraid at one time that you would succeed in getting your client convicted in spite of his innocence."—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Guess.

"Where were they married?"

"I ain't jest sure," answered the small boy, "'cause they left me home, but I guess it was in the steeple."

"In the steeple?"

"Well, I heard 'em say it was a high church wedding."—Chicago Post.

Knew Braggsby.

Braggsby—I tell you the current is sue of the Purple Penny is a swell one from a literary standpoint.

Waggsby—That so? What is the name of your contribution?—Baltimore American.

To live long it is necessary to live slowly.—Cicero.

Correspondence

FARMERS VALLEY.

There was a very enjoyable evening spent last Saturday at the home of Joseph McGill. There were thirty present. The evening was spent in dancing, singing national hymns and music by H. D. Otto on his violin. The hostess, Miss Marie McGill, served ice cream.

Mr. Everal Spencer and Alta Southwick were married at Mt. Jewett on Wednesday of last week. They are both well known in all surrounding towns and their friends wish them success through their wedded life.

Wm Dickerson of Pierce Brook is building a new house, which when completed will be the finest in this section.

Mrs. Flora Cooper and two children of Portville spent last Sunday with her sister, Mrs. H. D. Otto, of this place.

Miss Stella Curtis of Rew City visited Miss Nellie McGill last Saturday and both attended the Olean celebration.

There will be a donation for the Rev. Sprague next Friday evening in the hall. Everyone is invited to attend.

Several townpeople attended the 4th of July celebration at Olean and all report a fine time.

Miss Rachel Stratton of Buffalo will spend a few months with relatives and friends in town.

Mrs. Casper Smith has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. S. W. Smith of Port Allegany.

Mr. and Mrs. August Hoffman of Port Allegany spent Sunday with relatives in town.

N. Smith has been spending a few days with his family in this vicinity.

August Tanner and lady friend spent last Saturday at the Kinzua bridge.

Mrs. Marie Lyons spent Sunday with relatives and friends here.

A BIT OF PANTOMIME.

Max O'Rell's Opinion of Four Peoples Given in Gestures.

"When Max O'Rell came to Montreal some years ago," said a man from that city to a Detroit Journal contributor, "we fixed up a little joke on him. We had noticed how gracefully he could unite a caustic criticism with a compliment, a faculty that enabled him to say the sternest things without offending the people he was criticising. We were going to put the faculty to a test.

"We had him lunch with us, and there were at the table besides himself an Englishman, a Scotchman, an Irishman and a French Canadian. When we got our guest off his guard we demanded an impromptu opinion of the different races we represented. As the opinion had to be given in the presence of all, the situation for him was a rather delicate one. But it never seemed to trouble him and he gave his opinion without a moment's hesitation.

"The Scotchman," he said, and he clinched his right hand tightly and pretended to try to force it open with his left, "the Englishman"—and he went through the same performance, opening the hand at the end after an apparent struggle—"the Irishman"—and he held out his hand wide open, with the palm upward—"the Frenchman"—and he made a motion with both hands as if he were emptying them on the table.

"There was not a word of explanation, but we all understood thoroughly and had a hearty laugh. Max O'Rell had maintained his reputation."

A Lincoln Joke.

One of Lincoln's visitors in the early days of his administration says:

"He walked into the corridor with us, and, as he bade us goodby and thanked — for what he had told him, he again brightened up for a moment and asked him in an abrupt kind of way, laying his hand as he spoke with a queer but not unkind familiarity on his shoulder, 'You haven't such a thing as a postmaster in your pocket, have you?'

"— stared at him in astonishment and I thought a little in alarm, as if he suspected a sudden attack of insanity. Then Mr. Lincoln went on: 'You see, it seems to be kind of unnatural that you shouldn't have at least a postmaster in your pocket. Everybody I've seen for days past has had foreign ministers and collectors and all kinds, and I thought you couldn't have got in here without having at least a postmaster get into your pocket.'"—"The True Abraham Lincoln."

Enormous Strength of Mushrooms.

A curious instance of the wonderful force exerted by growing vegetation is related in the Gardeners' Magazine. This force seems all the more remarkable when exerted by light and insubstantial mushrooms, but does not appear so extraordinary when caused by the expansion of a hard wood tree. Some hair hardy annuals were sown in a frame just cleared of a winter crop in the gardens of an English park and the lights closed to hasten germination. Some days afterward signs of cracking were observed in the brickwork, and gradually a block weighing in the aggregate one and one-half hundredweight was pushed out of position. After cutting out several bricks a mass of mushrooms was found 8 pounds 3 ounces in weight growing in the center of the wall. The mycelium had run freely in the mortar and on the inner face of the bricks.

To be overpolite is to be rude.—Japanese Proverb.

"It"

is the New and Better Breakfast Food, so different from all others that it pleases everybody. Get a package to-day at your grocers.

THE GRAIN-O PURE FOOD CO., LE ROY, N. Y.

Origin of the Term Philistines.

About the year 1630, at Jena, where the west gate of the city is remarkable for four images of monkey heads, cut in stone at each corner of the gate, a quarrel arose between the students of the university and the citizens, during which the gownsmen called the gate watchmen "monkey watchmen." To avenge this insult the watchmen killed one of the students, whose funeral sermon was preached from the text, "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson." From that time the townspeople were called by the students "Philistines," and this use of the word spread to other places.

In another explanation, given as early as 1777 by Adelung, reference is made to the Bulistarii, or crossbowmen, who were called in Hungary Philistaei, and to the municipal soldiers of Vienna, who had the nickname Philisters as early as the seventeenth century.

The word was brought into prominent notice in England by Matthew Arnold, who appears to have adopted it from Heine. By a Philistine he meant "a strong, dogged, unenlightened opponent, like Goliath, of the chosen people, of the children of sweetness and light."

Unrecognized.

"Fortune knocks once at the door of every man."

"Yes, but she's generally very cleverly disguised."—Chicago Post.

THE BUGLER'S CHEST

Is well expanded. He uses his lungs to their fullest capacity. People in ordinary do not use much over half their lung power. The unused lung surface becomes inert, and offers a prepared ground for the attack of the germs of consumption. There is no need to warn people

of the danger of consumption, but warning is constantly needed not to neglect the first symptoms of diseased lungs.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures obstinate coughs, bronchitis, bleeding lungs, and other conditions which, if neglected or unskilfully treated, find a fatal termination in consumption. It is entirely free from opiates and narcotics.

"About three years ago I was taken with a bad cough, vomiting and spitting blood," writes Mr. D. J. Robinson, of Spring Garden, W. Va., "I tried many remedies, none of which seemed to help me till I commenced using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. After using ten bottles and four vials of his 'Pleasant Pellets,' I commenced to improve. My case seemed to be almost a hopeless one. Doctors pronounced it ulcer of the lungs. I was sick nearly two years—part of the time bedfast. Was given up to die by all. I thought it would be impossible for me to live over night at one time. I haven't spit any blood now for more than twelve months, and worked on the farm all last summer. It was Dr. Pierce's medicines that cured me."

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." There is nothing "just as good" for diseases of the stomach.

The "Medical Adviser," in paper covers, is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay for mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE FAMOUS,

Central Block, CLOTHING STORE, Smethport, Pa.

WHY?

When we place on sale, as we do,

This and Next Week,

$10.50, $11.00 and $12.00 Suits at

$9.50

and—give 95 Yellow Trading Stamps with each Suit and stamps in proportion with any sale, you will soon know

WHY

we hold our old customers and please new ones.

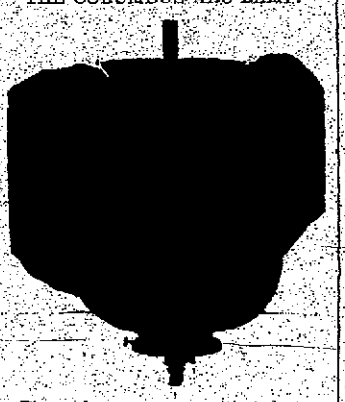
25 per cent Reduction,

including Trading Stamps on all

Children's Clothing.

Wm. Monheimer.

THE COLUMBUS ARC LAMP.



These lamps are constructed upon strictly scientific principles and have a standard reputation for quality, appearance and brilliancy. The Lamp gives over 100% candle power over the old way of lighting with single gas burners, with the same amount of gas consumed. Call and get our prices.

EDGAR W STRONG

BOTH 'PHONES. BOOTH BLOCK, Smethport.

Why a Painter Smiles

The practical painter says, it makes him smile when a man insists on Patton's Sun-Proof Paint. It always means another job from the man next door. Envy is just another name for human nature.

Patton's SUN-PROOF Paint

is famous for its lasting qualities. Made from a scientific formula of the best materials, machine mixed in exact proportions, it is the only paint that resists the sun and weather. Never peels, cracks or chalks off, and guaranteed to wear for five years. Send for book of Paint Knowledge and Advice (free) to

PATTON PAINT CO., 1 Lake St., Milwaukee, Wis.

FOR SALE BY

J. C. HAMLIN, Smethport, Pa.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE.

To get it we are willing to do anything that is right. We have purchased the stock of

GROCERIES and GENERAL MERCHANDISE

of O. D. Bush and are determined to run an up-to-date store.

We have put a delivery wagon on the road and we will call at your house, take your order and deliver goods promptly.

Give us a trial order and if everything is not perfectly satisfactory tell us about it.

VOORHEES & McCARTY,

Bush Building. EAST SMETHPORT, PA.

Good Coffee or Tea

Does not hurt you even if some of the advertisements of these wonderful substitutes do tell you so. We have the finest line in the place, as well as a complete line of the best groceries.

Leave your orders by 'phone or in person and they will be delivered promptly at your home.

Hagberg & Sherburne,

Holder Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES,

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

PICTURES

Just received an elegant line of pictures. Altogether new styles and designs. If you want something new and pretty come and look them over.

BOOKS

Full line of new books by the latest authors. Look them over. WILL SELL THEM VERY CHEAP next ten days.

Wells Pharmacy.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

Brasted's ICE CREAM

By the DISH, QUART or GALLON.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, July 9, 1903.

Republican Ticket,

STATE.

AUDITOR GENERAL,
WILLIAM P. SNYDER,
of Chester county.

STATE TREASURER,
WILLIAM L. MATTHEWS,
of Delaware County.

SUPERIOR COURT JUDGES,
THOMAS A. MORRISON,
of McKean county.
JOHN P. HENDERSON,
of Crawford county.

COUNTY.

PRESIDENT JUDGE,
JOSEPH W. BOUTON,
of Smethport.

JURY COMMISSIONER,
WALTER OSTRANDER,
of Liberty township.

THE estimated cost of celebrating the Fourth of July in the United States this year is $10,000,000.

IT is practically settled that Grover Cleveland will accept the fourth nomination for the Presidency if he can get it. And it is more certain that no Democrat can be elected President in 1904.

AFTER a careful investigation it has been found that Recorder Brown of Pittsburg, who died so mysteriously some weeks ago, committed suicide. He was mentally unbalanced at the time.

A BAD race war has been going on in Evansville, Ind., for several days past. The whites and blacks have had pitched battles and the result is that several are dead and many more are wounded. Eight companies of militia and one battery were ordered out and after firing on the mob they were dispersed and order has been restored.

THE Fourth of July was celebrated in London at which Ambassador Choate and Senator Depew were the guests of honor. One of the English speakers suggested that a statue of Washington be erected in London and one of Queen Victoria in Washington, by which the friendship of the English speaking race might be forever sealed.

A MEMORABLE event of the Fourth of July was the formal opening by President Roosevelt of the new All-American Pacific Cable to Manila. The Commercial has often referred to the progress of this great line and its importance to our national and commercial interests in the Philippines and the Far East. The Cable Company has shown commendable enterprise in completing the line to Manila nearly a year ahead of the prescribed time.—Buffalo Commercial.

MANY of the newspapers of the North are strongly denouncing the lynching of White in Wilmington, Del., and from one standpoint they are right. It is a direct violation of the law, but is the law adequate in a case like the one at Wilmington? Does the laws of any State prescribe a sufficient penalty for such a crime? Let those who are denouncing the actions of this mob place themselves in the same position as the relatives and friends of this pure and innocent young lady who met this awful fate and see what their sentiments would be. Imagine your pure, innocent wife, sister, daughter or sweetheart suffering such a fate before too harshly censuring the mob. True, it is the duty of every citizen of the United States to uphold and abide by the laws of his country, but a person is not held responsible by our laws for the commission of a crime when his mind is unbalanced. And where is there a greater cause for the unbalancing of a strong mind than to have a relative or friend the victim of such an outrage? If one duty is more imperative than another, our duty to protect the honor and chastity of our relatives and friends of the weaker sex is greater than our duty to uphold the laws of our country, for without this purity of womankind any nation must soon decline and fall. We do not believe in condoning crime of any kind, but the purity of our homes must be protected at any cost, and therefore let us think twice before too severely condemning others for an act which we, ourselves, would probably take part in under the same circumstances.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, July 5, 1903.

Secretary Hay has left Washington and is visiting his daughter at Newport. Just before he left Washington he said to a visitor that he had one thing more to do before leaving the city and that was to make up his war calendar. Noting his visitor's surprise he explained. "I am driven to this extremity by the newspapers, which are bound to plunge our country into war with somebody at every turn. The other morning it was with Germany because the report had gotten out that the order for the naval visit to Kiel had been countermanded. To-day, I believe, it is with Russia because of an unexpected snub for the Jewish note, to-morrow it is liable to be with England because of—Heaven knows what—the fall of American stock on the London Exchange, may be. Now the trouble with reports, especially during the warm weather when ordinary news is dull, is that they don't always agree as they should; and then they get us into so many fights at once that it would severely tax our resources to carry them all through to victory.

"It struck me not long ago that it would simplify matters if we arranged a uniform program in this line for some little time in advance. I have noticed that a story or an explanation 'by authority' is always cordially welcomed by the press, so, why should I not get up a summer schedule of foreign wars before I leave town, print it in attractive style with 'by authority' in large letters in the corner and hand it out to the newspaper representatives in Washington. It could be arranged in the form of a calendar, with a separate page for each month, and I could string prognostications along the cute margin of the page, as they used to in the old farmers' almanacs. For example, between the first and the 15th of July I could have a marginal legend like this: About this time look out for hostilities with Turkey. Between the 15th and 31st I could forecast: 'Stock up with Parisian goods before ports close. War with France is imminent,' and between the first and fifteenth of August: United States will land more marines in Venice. Italian ambassador at Washington will demand passports.' Great idea, isn't it. I have taken out no patent on it, but I may apply for one. I could call it an apparatus for regulating foreign wars and procuring intermittent comfort for American cabinet officers."

It is not likely, however, that the secretary, when making these facetious remarks, anticipated the delicate situation which has arisen in regard to presenting the Jewish petition to the Czar. Russia has announced through the Associated Press that it will not receive any petition, representation or communication regarding its internal affairs." The United States has met this statement with another to the effect that it can recognize no unofficial or semi-official statement regarding the action of Russia and that the petition, regarding the Jewish massacre at Kishineff will be forwarded to St. Petersburg as soon as received. Incidentally the unfriendly position of Russia regarding the opening of the Manchurian ports to the United States is mentioned in an "unofficial" statement appended to the foregoing. It is regarded as more than probable that if Russia was to recede from its position regarding the Manchurian situation the United States might be induced to reconsider its determination to forward the petition which Russia appears to regard as obnoxious.

Postmaster General Payne, acting on the advice of Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Bristow, has taken the first step towards the reorganization of the postal service on a business basis. It has been definitely announced that hereafter the existence of Congressional districts will be ignored in the establishment of routes, and that such routes will be established only where they will serve at least 100 persons and cover an approximate distance of 25 miles. It is stated that the establishment of routes, irrespective of whether the conditions justified or not, has grown into a grave abuse, threatening the entire business administration of the Postoffice Department and this statement is more than borne out by the deficit of the previous year has been nearly doubled the total for this year being $1,617,398. In this connection the remark of an official well posted on the purchase of government supplies is significant. He says that a serious abuse is the purchase of supplies made by companies in which members of Congress are interested. Such interests lead to extravagant appropriations and this official estimates that the total loss to the government from this one source amounts to not less than $50,000,000 per annum.

The postmaster general has left Washington for a brief rest, as has indeed every cabinet member except Secretary Moody, all taking advantage of the 4th of July to get away from their desks. Meanwhile First Assistant Postmaster General Wynne is acting postmaster general. Before leaving Washington Mr. Payne and Mr. Wynne had a long talk and it is now believed that the strained relations which have heretofore existed between Mr. Payne and his first assistant are being dissipated. The chief subjects now under investigation by Mr. Bristow are the contract for sheet iron letter boxes, which have been substituted for the old-fashioned cast iron boxes, the painting of these boxes with a patent "aluminum" paint and the General Manifold Company which sells upwards of $400,000 worth of duplicating paper to the government each year, about half that amount being bought by the post-office department. Representative Sibley of Pennsylvania is known to be a stockholder in this company and it is rumored that Speaker-to-be Cannon is also.

Washington enjoyed an old fashioned Fourth of July celebration, participated in by the French ambassador, Secretary Moody, Admiral Dewey and other distinguished men, assisted by the marine band and the the troops, sailors and marines stationed around Washington.

A house broom given away with every $5 cash purchase. Yellow trading stamps besides. J. C. HAMLIN.

OLEAN RACES

JULY 14-15-16-17.

PURSES - - - - $5,200.

Thirteen Events--$400

Entries Close July 7.

Records made that day no bar.

A Program of Events to Please Everybody.

Good Races Every Day.

REDUCED RATES ON ALL RAILROADS.

J. COLEGROVE.

New Cheese, New Potatoes,
New Comb Honey,
Fresh Eggs,
Maple Sugar & Syrup,
Quaker Oats, Mothers Oats,
Banner Oats, Force,
Malta Valta.

"IT"

Olive, Olive Oils, Solid Dressings, Mustards, Sardines

Flour has advanced about one dollar bbl. Our price is way down according to price of flour at will.

Try me for prompt delivery of your next order for groceries.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHPORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

Blacksmithing.

O. W. Dickerson has purchased the shop formerly occupied by Morris Keefer, Smethport, Pa., where I will do all kinds of blacksmithing and make a specialty of horse shoeing. Having given much attention to all peculiarities and diseases of horses' feet, I will guarantee satisfaction with all such work entrusted to my care.

O. W DICKERSON.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Do you wear the J. K. shoes?

You don't get the most style and good service for your money unless you do. Next time insist upon having them—no other shoes equals them for all around goodness.

$2.50, $3.00 or $3.50

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

L. K. Hogarth

has an elegant new line of fine soap at low prices.

CONGRESS
PLAYING
CARDS.

SOMETHING
NEW IN
STATIONERY

We know how to make and serve the most delicious drinks. We are sole agents for the famous Warren I X L Ice Cream.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist,
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL	$200,000.00
SURPLUS	$30 000.00.

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts
respectfully solicited.

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST.

$10 IF $10

YOU WANT A

10 DOLLAR SUIT

We want to say to you that uncommon Suits for Ten Dollars is our kind.

They are perfect fitting, well tailored suits, such as any man might wear with dignity—suits that are satisfactory the very first time they are put on, and that continue to satisfy till they're worn out.

We've a Ten-Dollar line that includes All Wool Serges, Cheviots, Scotches and Cassimeres in plain colors, handsome mixtures and patterns. Try one on if you like—we shall not insist upon your buying.

It is easy to match the price of these suits, but not so easy to match the quality at the price.

H. W. RUBIN.

TERHUNE UNION-MADE SHOE.
MERCHANT TAILOR, CLOTHIER & FURNISHER.

$10 SMETHPORT, PA. $10

Discounts Better Than Trading Stamps.

Desiring to reduce my stock as much as possible for the next few weeks have decided to sell my groceries for cash prices and give a discount to my customers of 5 per cent from same on bills amounting to more than $1.00.

On all other goods in my store, including dry goods, boots, shoes, hats, caps, ribbons, notions, draperies, underwear, etc., I will give a discount of 10 per cent on all bills amounting to $1.00 and over.

When purchasing do not fail to ask for discounts as you will be entitled to same until further notice.

D. C. YOUNG,
SMETHPORT, PA., April 27, 1903.

Special Reduction Sale.

From now until July 4 I will sell, to reduce my stock, all suits at the following reduced prices:

$22 SUITS for $20.
$25 " " $22.
$28 " " $25.

Higher priced suits in proportion.

G. W. Shillenn,
The Leading Tailors
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

New Spring Hats Are Here.

Every kind you can think of. The newest and swellest styles at lowest prices. We have also the Celebrated Dunlap Hat now open. Do not forget this is the leading Hat in the United States and the best Hat in the world. Nobby Spring Neckwear, Shirts and Hosiery in endless variety.

IKE SIMONS
46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store

There is Something Doing.

Our stock for the spring doin's is complete. We can furnish your house or office in better shape and for less money than the small dealers.

We please where others fail

"See Sloan First."

J. M. SLOAN,
16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

SOLE AGENCY
Queen Quality Shoes.

We give
Red Trading Stamps
also cash tickets which are redeemable in chinaware. Ask for them.

A Sale of Regular 15c BATISTE at 8c

Another extraordinary sale will take place

This Week Friday.

when 600 yards of fine quality Batiste will be sold at half price, in fact, at less than manufacturers' cost. Just now, at the height of the season, when this material is most in demand and

Sold everywhere for 15c.

Our price, for this sale, is 8c.

HIGH CLASS OXFORDS

for everybody at Popular Prices.

Men's "Packard Special" Oxfords in vici kid and pat. colskin $3.50.
Women's "Doris Special" Oxfords of Ideal and vici kid in various styles for street and house $2.00.
Little Boys' Oxfords of pat. colskin or Russian calf $2.00.
Large Boys' Oxfords of pat. colskin $2.25.

Great Values in Gingham.
350 yds. of Seersucker Ginghams Special for this sale 7c.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

An Unassailable Position.

Favorite Gas Ranges hold that position which comes only through Quality. We absolutely guarantee them to you. Every detail of their manufacture has quality behind it. They are the best we know of; the best that anybody can make. As a result the Favorite Gas Ranges sell better and make more friends and customers than any other gas range on the market. Come in and see them.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner.

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 9, 1903.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Olean races next week.

—The Fourth was a grand day.

—The base ball season is in full bloom.

—H. H. Redfield advertises Favorite Gas Ranges this week.

—Read the new advertisement of J. Colegrove in this issue.

—Holmes & Gilfillan have a change of advertisement this week.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul P. Lyon of Mt. Jewett, Pa., on Thursday, July 2, 1903, a son.

—Albert B. Booth, a prominent Bradford man, died at his home in that place Sunday morning, aged 56 years.

—A large party of our young people celebrated Independence Day by giving a picnic on the Beckwith farm.

—Warner's Business College at Bradford has just placed a graduate as stenographer for a firm in New York.

—The accidents in Pittsburg on July 4th resulted in the death of about 20 people. New York city had nearly as large a list.

—In a frightful trolley collision between Buffalo and Olcott Beach on Saturday one man was killed and 50 or 60 more were injured.

—An Italian, with a large collection of immanginary snakes, created considerable excitement on East Main street early last Saturday evening.

—Willis Clark, aged seven years, of Springville, N. Y., fell 30 feet from a rock in Rock City Monday afternoon and escaped with only a few bruises.

—Be sure and attend the Olean races next week. A large number of fast horses have been entered and good sport will be furnished from the word "go."

—W. F. Specht has moved his office into rooms over Brownell Bros.' store, where he is now ready to write insurance for all who wish to be protected.

—William Toy has been appointed chief of the Bradford fire department to succeed Chas. J. Flick, resigned. We extend congratulations to the new chief.

—Yachting experts who have been watching the performances of the Reliance and Shamrock III think Lipton's only chance is a stiff blow and a lumpy sea.

—It was rumored that a murder had been committed in Olean Saturday but this report was untrue. During a quarrel with some Italians Peter Schiefle of Portville was thrown to the pavement and rendered unconscious and here is where the story started.

—Mrs. Thomas A. Morrison gave a plate shower yesterday afternoon for Miss Helen Forrest and Miss Josephine Holder, whose engagements have been announced.

—Coudersport was visited by a disastrous fire last Saturday evening. One large store and two barns were completely destroyed and one or two other buildings were damaged.

—Eber Dennison has accepted a position with the Gallup Grocery Co. Mr. Dennison has had several years' experience in the grocery business and will make a valuable assistant.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Stowton of Jeannette, Pa., on June 20, a boy. This will be pleasant news to Mrs. Stowton's (nee Miss Annie Smith) many friends in this borough.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 8 p. m. The lesson will be on "The Conquest of Canaan." A selection of anthems will be sung at the evening service.

—Miss Florence McManus is suffering from a severe sprain of the ankle which she sustained while participating in some athletic sports for the young ladies at the picnic on the Beckwith farm last Saturday afternoon.

—The Port Allegany base ball team has challenged the Austin team for a game of ball on neutral grounds for $500 a side. Dissatisfaction to the treatment received in the game at Austin last week caused this outburst.

—The Potter Democrat of Coudersport has abandoned the sixteen-page pamphlet style and is now issuing a regular six-column quarto. This is the popular size for a newspaper and we are pleased to note the change.

—A horse driven by M. A. Lillibridge and Thomas McGraw plunged off the Pine street bridge at Port Allegany a week ago Saturday and both men were injured. Mr. Lillibridge was most seriously injured but late reports say he will recover.

—"The curfew ordinance in Olean is a dead letter," remarks the Times of that city. If the Times hopes to thus attribute a mark of distinction to the place it is away off. There are other cities that have similar unburied corpses, says the Bradford Record.

—The pupils of Miss Rena Gallup gave a piano recital at the M. E. chapel last Thursday evening before a number of invited guests. The program consisted of several pleasing numbers and the manner in which each was rendered reflected much credit on Miss Gallup as a teacher.

—A Philadelphia paper states that the wearing of socks instead of stockings is a fad among the fashionable girls of the Quaker City. There's no use in trying to muzzle the press of Pennsylvania. It is bound to get the news and to print it no matter how personal or secret the news may be. In this connection it would probably be safe to say that Bradford girls have not as yet adopted the masculine sock. "They would put their foot in it if they should become so mannish," says one of their number who opposes innovations.—Era.

—The Pennsylvania railroad no longer handles the American Express and an agency for the Adams Express Co. has been opened at the Pennsylvania depot at East Smethport. M. L. Armstrong is still agent for the American Express Co. and such express is carried by the Kushequa and B., R. & P. R'ys.

—Advices from Bolivar are to the effect that W. V. Provin has been confined to his bed for several weeks by a severe attack of rheumatism, who has so far recovered as to be able to sit up a portion of the time. Mr. Provin's many Smethport friends will unite in a wish for his complete and speedy recovery.

—As will be seen by notice in another column the firm of Shepard & Gallup has been dissolved, Geo. Shepard retiring. The title of the new firm is the Gallup Grocery Co., which will be under the management of C. W. Shiffler, a man of many years' experience in the grocery business and who has had charge of the business of the old firm for the last two years.

—Messrs. D. Bacon, H. M. Choate, Edward Bruner, Samuel Porter, Samuel Powell, Dr. W. A. Ostrander, J. E. Hugg and J. S. Mills, of Smethport, were in Kane last night and attended the meeting of the B. P. O. E., of which they are members. They are a jolly crowd and there is never a dull moment when one is in their company.—Friday's Kane Republican.

—A very enjoyable dancing party was given at the Smethport Lyceum Tuesday evening by Miss Forrest and Miss Ruth Forrest, Miss Anna Caulder of Troy, N. Y., being the guest of honor. The Smethport High School orchestra furnished the music, which was hugely enjoyed by all and the young men received many encores. A most delicious light lunch was served to about fifty guests.

—A dispatch from Sugar Grove says: Silas and William Howard with several children came here from Corry to spend the Fourth. During the day one of the children purloined a bottle of horse medicine out of his father's coat pocket and they drank of it. Three children, who partook of the stuff, recovered, but another, aged 4 years, died last night. The horse medicine contained stramonium, a poison.

—Miss Susan Acker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Acker of Keating township, was united in marriage to Mr. Clarence J. Parker of Franklinville, N. Y., on June 26, at the latter place, Rev. J. B. Lee officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Parker will reside in Franklinville—Bradford Era. The many friends of the happy young couple in this vicinity will join with the Miner in wishing them happiness through life.

—Advertisements work twenty-four hours a day. They never strike. They never lay off unless ordered out of service. They never bring in extra expense accounts. They never miss anybody whose patronage is worth having. They never fail to convince. They are better than any drummer ever sent out on the road. They bring in more business, with less expense, than any human agency that could be employed.

—At a tea given by Miss Helen Forrest, to a number of young ladies last Friday evening, her engagement to Mr. Arthur W. Mitchell was announced. Miss Forrest is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Forrest and is one of the most accomplished and charming young ladies in Smethport's society set. Mr. Mitchell is the son of ex-Prothonotary and Mrs. George W. Mitchell of this place and is a brilliant young attorney who has very bright prospects.

—A minister on a recent Sunday preached a brief but beautiful sermon using these words: "Post mortem praises and love are in the air. People kiss their dead that never stoop to kiss their living; they hover over caskets in hysteric sobs but neglect to throw their arms around their loved ones who are fighting the stern battles of life. A word of cheer to a struggling soul in life is worth more than all the roses of Christendom piled high on casket cover. The dead can't smell flowers, but the living can; scatter them generously in their pathway, therefore, and pluck out the thorns before it is too late."

The Land and Improvement Co.

The Smethport Land and Improvement Company is offering a number of valuable lots for sale on Bank, Rainer and Nelson streets at prices which should attract those wishing to own a home in Smethport. These lots are located most desirably for residences and the prices range from 350 to $200 each. The payments are on easy terms, with but a small amount of cash at the time of purchase. The amount you are paying in rent now would buy you a comfortable home in from five to eight years. Guy McCoy will cheerfully explain prices, terms, etc., to anyone who wishes such information.

Carriages and Buggies.

E. T. Daly, the liveryman, has a new stock of carriages and buggies which he will sell at prices that cannot fail to suit you. They are Waterloo and other standard makes. If you want a good carriage or buggy now is your opportunity.

I have for sale a 1902 Walter A. Wood mowing machine, five foot cut, never used. Price $35 cash. Call on or address
J. C. KRUMRINE,
4t Smethport, Pa.

FOR RENT—In Northern Michigan, a Wood Alcohol Retort Plant in complete running order; 10 five-cord retorts with plenty of wood. Address Wayne Iron Company, Ltd., Detroit, Mich.

PERSONAL MENTION.

R. C. Gleason spent the Fourth with friends in Kane.

Miss Brown of Bradford is the guest of Miss Grace Smart.

Miss Marie Keesler is visiting friends in Jamestown this week.

Paul Drown of Ellicottville is visiting friends and relatives in town.

Attorney J. E. Mullin of Kane had business in town Wednesday.

Miss Anna Caulder of Troy, N. Y., is the guest of the Misses Forrest.

Miss Lois Young has returned from a visit to friends in Geneva, N. Y.

Charles Lambert was among the Port Allegany rooters yesterday.

Dr. F. R. Young has returned from an extended visit in New York city.

Lena Martin of Clermont was a caller at the Miner office this morning.

Miss Roxy King has returned home from attending school at Clarion.

Miss Rhea Bourdman of Bradford is visiting her many friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Knight of Wellsville, N. Y., were visiting in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Payson Bard of Port Allegany attended the ball game yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Herzog and infant daughter are visiting relatives in Warren.

Miss Edith McGuire returned yesterday from an extended visit in Jeannette and Punxsutawney.

Asa Sherer, who is employed in Buffalo, spent the Fourth with relatives and friends in town.

Mrs. J. F. Olmstead and daughter, Grace, returned to their home in Crestline, Ohio, Saturday.

Elton Holden and Gordon Studholme of Port Allegany attended the party at the Lyceum Tuesday.

Mrs. G. H. Downing and daughter, Reta, have been guests of Olean friends during the past week.

Misses Ruby and Pearl Learn of Eldred were guests of Miss Roxy King the latter part of last week.

Guy B. and Jeoffrey Mayo spent a few days with the Camp Dunt Fishing Club the latter part of last week.

Hon. and Mrs. T. F. Richmond and Mr. and Mrs. John Forrest left yesterday for a fishing trip in Canada.

Mrs. Elida Sheetgo who has been visiting here has left for Cadillac, Michigan, where she will make her future home.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Burdick of Smethport spent Sunday in Kane, guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Eckles.—Kane Republican.

Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Baker and son, Ed., and Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Burdick left to-day for a week's outing in Canadian fishing country.

Sidney Gwen left Tuesday for an extended trip in the West. He will spend the greater part of his time in Salt Lake City, Utah, and Seattle, Wash.

Hon. T. A. Morrison and wife have returned from a visit to Cambridge Springs. Judge Morrison attended the annual convention of the State Bar Association.

E. P. Newman left Sunday for Cornell college to attend summer school. Misses Cubbison and Camp and Sheridan Gorton, Jr., and S. F. Redfield accompanied him as far as Port Allegany.

L. E. Groh, manager in crown and bridge department of Weller & Groh's post graduate school of prosthetic dentristy, Rochester, N. Y., is spending his vacation with Dr. Pierce of this place.

For Sale

A team of heavy work horses, harness and single carriage, robes, etc. For further information inquire at this office.

McCormick Machines are the best in the world; terms and prices right. For sale by A. T. Palmer, Smethport, Pa. June 17, 1903.-5t

Celebrate the Fourth

in a royal style and shoot our celebrated blank cartridges. Holmes & Gilfillan.

WANTED—A girl for general housework. Inquire at residence of John N. Apple, West King street.

House for rent. Inquire of Mrs. A. M. Fuller.

The best lawn sprinkler on the market. Only $1.15. J. C. HAMLIN.

A complete assortment of window screens and doors at Redfield's.

Poultry netting at J. C. Hamlin's.

THE CLARION State Normal School.

Furnishes Professional Training for Teachers. Prepares young people for college and offers excellent facilities for general education.

FREE TUITION for prospective teachers. Board, room rent and laundry for full term, 16 weeks, $4.9. Fall term opens Sept. 7, 1903.

For further particulars call on or address

SAMUEL WEIR, Ph. D., Prin.
Clarion, Pa.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE.

Founded in 1815. Good Traditions. Strong Faculty. Unsurpassed Location. Reasonable Expenses. New Observatory, New Chapel, New Library, New Professorships and largely increased Endowment. Fall Term Opens September 15th. For Catalogue and Information, write to President Crawford, Meadville, Pa.

MONARCH SHIRTS BANNER PATTERNS

FRY & HERZOG

Store closed after 12 o'clock Saturday, July 4th.

SUMMER GOODS

PRICES NEARLY HALVED

Yellow Trading Stamps to Boot

To put ginger into the July selling we offer this week remarkable values in worthy summer merchandise. Many of these specials were bought much under price just for this sale and are very desirable goods. We give actual original selling prices so it's easy for you to figure the saving in every instance.

50c Plain and Fancy Silk Mulls 28 inch.	Special @	29c
18c Lace Stripe Chambray 32 inch.	Special @	12 1-2c
100 Summer Net Corsets. Good styles.	Special @	75c
150 Shirt Waist Suits. Size 36 only.	Special @	$1.00
200	Special @	1.50
25c Jersey Ribbed Under Waists for children. These have slight imperfections, scarcely perceptible in most cases. In no instance is the wearing quality impaired. They have good bone buttons and are well taped. 275 in the lot. Sizes 1 to 17 years.	Special @	19c
Cambric Under Waists for children, sizes 21 to 27.	Special @	10c

FRY & HERZOG.

The Difference.

Some may give you good goods all the time and prompt service part of the time. Others prompt service all the time and good goods only part of the time, but only few can give good goods and satisfactory service all the time.

WE CAN.

Just bear this in mind when placing that next order for Lumber or Building material of any description and you will not be disappointed.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE.
Lumber and Hardware
Blacksmiths' and Wagon Makers' Supplies and Fishing Tackle.
We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top.
Smethport, Pa. McKean County.

Diamonds and Watches

are a good investment if bought right I guarantee every piece that leaves the store will refund the money on demand if you can beat our prices, or are not satisfied with the purchase. My prices are the lowest. I live and let live.

At the present time I am showing an eleline of Cut Glass and Sterling Silver for wedding presents.

Strictly One Price.
Goods delivered out of town.

Prill, 7 Main St., Opposite Public Square,
Bradford, Pa.

CENTRAL
STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,
Lock Haven, Pa.
J. R. FLICKINGER.
PRINCIPAL.

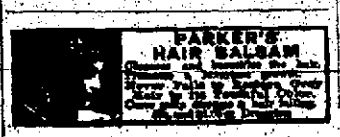
The fall term opens September 7, 1903.

Free tuition to prospective teachers.

This high grade training school was never in better condition than now. The enrollment last year exceeded six hundred. Biological and chemical laboratories have recently been added. Fine gymnasium and athletic field. Sanitary conditions unexcelled. A large faculty of trained specialists. The school also contains a college preparatory department, business department and departments of elocution and music. The expenses are lower than those of any other institution of equal rank. Address for catalogue the Principal.

Don't neglect that Sore Throat
Go to the nearest drug store and get a bottle of
OZOLINE
The best family remedy in the world for *Sore Throat, Sore Mouth, Hoarseness* and all diseases of the throat. A sure preventative of *Diphtheria* — a certain remedy for *Quinsy*—Cure guaranteed or money refunded. *A set dressing, 25 & 50 cents*
OZO REMEDY CO.
New Brighton, Pa.

Buy a
Sick and Accident Policy in the Standard Co.
FOR SALE BY
C. A. BURDICK.
Also Dealer in MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.



AT THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

By Willetta Provost

Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McClure

The room was dark save for the bright gleam from the hearth. In a comfortable armchair before the fire a man reclined. On the rug in front of him a little child was sitting, watching the glowing embers. Over in a dim corner a girl was playing very softly—so softly that the melody seemed to be but a part of the gathering shadows.

"You're awfully quiet tonight, uncle," said the child. "Are you lonesome because you're going away tomorrow?"

"Perhaps that's it, sweetheart. I won't see you for two long months, and I'll miss my little girl dreadfully."

She jumped up from the rug and climbed on his knees, putting her little arms around his neck and kissing him.

"Are you sorry I'm going away?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. No one ever tells me the nice stories you do, Uncle Fred. Won't you please tell me a story now before mother says it's bedtime; just a little one—just a weenty teeny one, about a bear?"

The man paused and glanced at the corner of the room. The music had changed to "Bonnie Sweet Bessie."

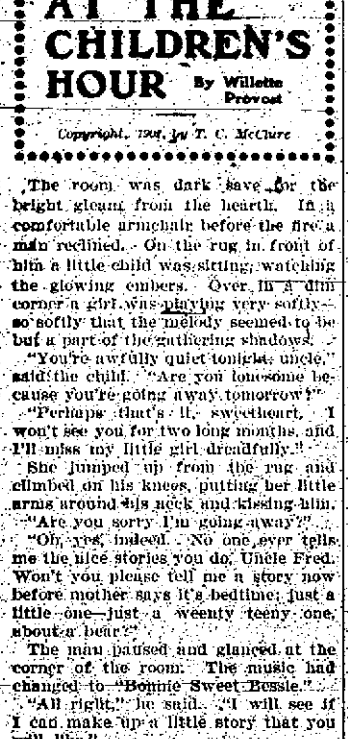
"All right," he said. "I will see if I can make up a little story that you will like."

The child pulled his head down close to hers and kissed him. He began:

"Once upon a time there lived two small bears who were playmates. They were very happy and used to dwell in a sort of fairyland all of their own. But by and by the boy bear, who was called Cubbie, was told by his father, Big Bruin, that he was old enough to go away to school. When Cubbie heard this, he went to little Fluffie, his playmate, and told her the woeful news, and she tried to comfort him.

"'It'll only be for a little while, Cubbie,' she said, 'and then when you come back I'll be here in the woods just the same, and you'll come to see me.'

"'Yes,' he answered savagely, 'and you'll be grown up and stuck up, like



THE GIRL STOOD WITH HER HAND ON THE BACK OF HIS CHAIR.

all big lady bears, and you'll think yourself too good to talk to me!' And Cubbie began to growl like a real bad bear.

"Fluffie's big eyes were filled with tears for Cubbie had never spoken to her so crossly before. 'Why, Cubbie,' she said, 'even if you were away for years and years and years we'd love each other just as much as we do now, couldn't we?'

"That seemed to comfort him. They were sitting under a favorite tree. He put his arm around her, and when Fluffie's mother came to look for her long after she found that they had fallen asleep in each other's arms."

The girl at the piano was playing a lullaby.

"Well, Cubbie went away, and when he came back next year he found that Fluffie and her mother had wandered away to live in some other woods, but no one seemed to know where."

The music grew faint, almost ceased.

"The years passed and Cubbie grew to be a great big, rough bear. He often thought of little Fluffie and wondered what she was like and if she remembered him."

The man paused.

"Go on, Uncle Fred. What did the big boy bear do?" said the child.

"Well, his papa wanted him to stay at home and marry a very beautiful and wealthy little bear, but it was not his little Fluffie; so he said no.

"Then, after a long while, to please his father, who was dying, he promised to ask the beautiful little bear to be his wife. You see, he had almost given up hope of seeing his Fluffie again."

All was silence in the corner by the window. The girl at the piano was listening.

"Fluffie was mean not to have come back, wasn't she, Uncle Fred?"

"Perhaps she couldn't get back, dear," answered the man. "She might have got lost. It must have been that way, for one day she did come back to the old woods."

"Ah, goodie!" exclaimed the child. "I'm glad, aren't you, uncle?"

"Yes, dear, but there was something about her that Cubbie could not understand. He finally came to the conclusion that she did not care for him any more."

The man was gazing earnestly into the fire as he spoke; he seemed to have forgotten the presence of the child. Then he looked down and smiled. She had fallen asleep.

"And that's the end, for Uncle Fred's little girlie has gone fast asleep. I wonder if auntie will call mother to put her little girl to bed?"

In response the girl rose from the piano and, coming over to the fire, stood behind him for a moment with her hand resting on the back of his chair.

"I would like to know what this big rough bear is going to do, for pussy may want to know when she wakes in the morning?" she asked.

"Oh, live and die an old bachelor and write stories for little ones like Sweetheart here—stories to put them to sleep."

"But I thought you said the bear was going to marry some one."

"That was long ago. The beautiful and wealthy bear," he added, with a smile, "found out in some way that he had asked to marry her only because of his father's dying wish, and she positively refused to do so."

"But supposing Fluffie did not know of this. Supposing she had known he was engaged, but never heard of the breaking of the engagement until today," said the girl gently. "If she had not known, would the big bear have forgiven her for doing as she did?"

A light shone in the man's eyes—a light that revealed a dawning hope.

"Was that the only reason?" he asked quickly. "Was the bear—oh, hang the bears, Flossie, are you not engaged to some one?"

The girl bent her head and kissed his forehead.

"I don't know," she said. "Am I, dear?"

A Purist.

Most persons believe Stevenson's verses for children may without correction or amendment safely be placed in the hands of the impressionable youngster without corrupting either his morals or his English. But there are some who think otherwise, says an exchange.

Little Alice's mother, having taught the child to say "Time to rise," in which "the birdie with a yellow bill" figures, the child announced that she meant to recite it to her teacher.

"Well, and what did Miss Prim say to the birdie with a yellow bill?" asked Alice's mother when the little girl returned from school.

"She says it is quite a pretty thought. But this is the way she makes me say it now, mamma:

"A birdie with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window sill,
Cocked its shining eye and said:
'Are you not ashamed, you sleepy-head?'"

"But that was not the way the birdie said it, Alice," the mother remonstrated.

"No, mamma, I know. But teacher says it isn't good English to say, 'Ain't you ashamed you sleepy-head?'"

Spanish Politeness.

The most perfect example of Spanish politeness was a letter left by the duke of Marlborough by Don Arrom de Ayala, a Spanish consul, who committed suicide in Blenheim park on April 14, 1859:

My Lord—I humbly ask your lordship's pardon and forgiveness for the great liberty I have taken in coming to put an end to my dreary and miserable existence in your park. It may be a childish feeling, but one cannot blow his brains out in a common road or on one of those cultivated fields full of cottages and life and civilization and railways and establishments of all kinds in which your blessed country of England abounds.

I mean no offense. Your manor is one of the most noble splendid things I ever saw in my life and I have traveled about and seen everything worth seeing. You have the finest Rubens that can be seen. That should have a great attraction for me under other circumstances, but now they have been of no use. I am your lordship's most obedient servant,

ARROM DE AYALA.

Dancing Dervishes.

A visitor to Constantinople gives this picture of the dancing dervishes: "The worshipers, having divested themselves of their flowing cloaks, stretched out their arms and began to revolve, at first slowly and rhythmically, but gradually warming to it. In a few seconds the half beneath was alive with a host of figures reeling and twirling round and round with ever increasing rapidity to the weird music of reed flutes and cymbals—both instruments conducive to spiritual exaltation. In a few more seconds their long white robes bulged and expanded like colossal parasols, until the whole mass merged in one immense cloud of calico, while their towering headdresses assumed in the spectator's bewildered eyes the appearance of a large congregation of chimney pots suddenly gone whirling mad."

The Cause of the Row.

An Irish undertaker was laying out the deceased husband of a weeping Hibernian widow. The corpse wore a wig, and it was very difficult to induce it to stay on straight, as wigs ought always to do, even if they don't. The bereaved widow was called in to assist. "Go an' git me a pot of glue, Mrs. McGovern," said the undertaker, "so that I may keep his wig where it belongs."

Mrs. McGovern set out after the sticking material and after a time she returned. "Here is the glue for ye," she said, with a sigh.

"Mrs. McGovern, you kin take back the mucilage," said the undertaker. "The difficulty is fixed. I used a tack."

And that was what caused the row.—Bradford Era.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.50 IN ADVANCE.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles; Old Sores; Scaley Head, Pelon Cak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box by mail 50c.

DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa.

For sale by L. K. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

DO YOU WALK STRAIGHT?

Few People Do, Says a Fault Finder Who Notices Things.

"Have you ever noticed how few people walk straight?" said the man who finds fault. "I am not speaking in a spiritual sense, neither do I refer to their gait, which is certainly bad enough, but to the crookedness of their path. A straight road is not at all times possible, I admit, and when the streets are most crowded a fellow is excusable for darting around any old way, but when given a clear sidewalk I can't for the life of me see why he cannot walk straight.

"Watch any man—and women are just as bad—who starts out from home at an hour when other people in the neighborhood are busy on their own doorsteps and give him a clean sweep. Since there are no obstructions in the way, there is no reason on earth why he should not proceed in a straight line to the nearest corner, but instead of pursuing that undeviating course he zigzags most suspiciously. Now he is perilously near the curb, now brushing against the area railing, while occasionally he evens things up by taking a few steps in the middle of the pavement. The people who thus waver in their gait are perfectly sober and would be surprised if anybody should show them a diagram of their tracks. Naturally all that veering and tacking appreciably increases the distance traveled, which is another reason why people in a hurry should learn to walk straight!"—New York Times.

Narrow Escape of Gold Seekers.

A small company of Alaskan gold seekers were walking across one of the great ice fields in that winter bound country when one of them noticed a difference in the color of the ice a few yards before them. Almost as he spoke, however, the treacherous coating of thin ice across a jagged crevasse gave way, and with an awful cry the two foremost men went down with the crumbling, glittering surface. A third man would have followed, but his gun lodged crosswise in the crevice and saved him. The other two had sunk out of sight, only their voices guiding their rescuers. Blankets were torn into strips and all the available rope used as well to reach the unfortunate prisoners, to whom hatchets also had to be lowered to hack their way out, so tightly had they been jammed in between the ice bowlders by their fall of fifty feet or more. When they reached the surface again they were in a fainting condition, and it was many days before they recovered from the effects of the time spent in that icy tomb.

How a Statue Grew.

Very warlike is the aspect of a singular equestrian statue in Bologna, yet there is no cause for alarm since it is nothing but a tree. Some ten years ago a policeman retired from the force and went to live near Charleroi. Being an amateur horticulturist, he busied himself a good deal with trees and flowers, and one day as he was trimming a hawthorn in his garden it occurred to him that it would be a novel idea to train it in such a manner that it would eventually assume the figure of a cavalry officer. At once he went to work, and after ten years' labor he succeeded in transforming the tree into a perfect picture of a mounted soldier. The tree is known in the neighborhood as "General Hawthorn," and hardly a day passes that strangers do not come from a considerable distance in order to view this wonderful example of horticultural art.

Sherris Sack.

In Shakespeare's plays the term "sack," applied to wine is common. "Sherris sack," a term used by Falstaff, is "seco de Xeres," a name still well known in Spain, from which the wine comes. The epithet seco, or dry—the "sack" of old English authors and the "sec" of French writers—is used in contradistinction to the sweet malvoisies and muscadels which are made of the same grapes. Wine of this sort, it is said, was introduced into England about the time of Henry VII., whose close alliance with Ferdinand and Isabella was cemented by the marriage of his son with their daughter. It became still more popular in England under Queen Elizabeth, when Essex and those who sailed with him pillaged Cadiz in 1596 and brought home the fashion of drinking sherris sack.

Two Sunsets Per Day.

There is only one place in the world where the sun sets twice daily, and that is at Leek, in Staffordshire, England. The reason of this is that a jagged mountain is situated to the west of the town, and in the evening the sun sets behind it and darkness comes on. Then the first sunset occurs, the gas lamps are lit, and apparently night has set in. But it has not, for in the space of an hour or so the sun reappears again through the opening at the side of the mountain, and daylight again appears. Artificial lights are extinguished and daylight again prevails until the sun descends below the opening and the second sunset occurs and night comes to stay.

Used to It.

Manager—That young woman whom I placed at his counter a year ago already knows more about the business than you do, and I find that I shall have to put her at the head of the department, though I fear it will be rather unpleasant for you to be under her orders.

Clerk—Oh, no; I am getting used to that. We were married six months ago.

A Weakness Overcome.

Flossy—What a haughty air Alice has! She used to be so bashful.

Mayme—Yes. She's finally persuaded herself that she's somebody.—Exchange.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $2.00 IN ADVANCE.

A GENIUS IN JAIL.

Von Siemens' First Patent Was Applied For From a Prison.

Von Siemens applied for his first patent from the cell of a prison. After graduation from the artillery school in Berlin the young man, then only twenty-one years old, was attached to a regiment in Wittenberg. It was there he began his experiments, to the great horror of his landlady, who upbraided him day after day for staining his clothes, furniture and the window panes with gold, silver and acid spots. She could not see the use of "wasting money for such things." But Von Siemens went on with his experiments and with staining his furniture and clothes.

He became, too, the life of the garrison and one of its most popular members. His popularity, however, led to his taking part as second in a duel between two of his comrades. As a result he was sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the fortress of Magdeburg. The landlady was the only person in Wittenberg who was glad of the young lieutenant's departure. In the cell in the fortress, however, he was allowed to fit up a laboratory and there continue his experiments. There, too, a month after his incarceration he perfected his method of galvanic gilding and applied for the patent from the prison cell.

It was granted and with it a pardon. A pardon in all probability was never received with less glee. Siemens had other experiments under way in his prison workshop and begged to be allowed to stay awhile longer and complete them. But the keeper sent him away with the declaration that such a course would be an insult to his king and commander.

Children's Blunders.

A Philadelphia schoolteacher tells of these blunders of children in physiology examination papers:

"Occupations which are injurious to the health are carbolic acid gas, which is impure blood."

"When you have an illness it makes your health bad, as well as having a disease."

"A stone mason's work is injurious because when he is chipping he breathes in all the little chips and then they are taken into the lungs."

"All mechanical work is injurious to the health."

The word "function" seemed to puzzle the children tremendously. Questions containing that word were answered as follows:

"The skin discharges a function called perspiration."

"The function of the heart is between the lungs."

"The heart's function is called thorax."

"Grant's Luck."

I did not go out to see the surrender of General Lee, I remember well the event of General Grant's return after the surrender. I think there were not more than three persons present when the general came in and took a seat at a table to write. He looked up with some expression of animation and remarked:

"More of Grant's luck!"

This was an allusion to the newspaper critics who had been in the habit of calling his success luck.

This little comment on the surrender of Lee was the only word of exultation I ever heard from the victorious soldier.

It was a very slight expression of triumph to follow such a stupendous achievement, but wholly characteristic.—National Magazine.

Royalty and Chess.

Cards have been the amusement of kings and queens for centuries, superseding latterly the royal game of chess, which filled up the leisure moments of William the Conqueror, Queen Elizabeth and Charles I. The latter was so absorbed in his favorite pastime when the news reached him that Scotland had determined to sell him to the English parliament that, though well aware what the intelligence boded, he calmly played the game to the end. Queen Victoria preferred chess to cards, though during her old age she found diversion by playing "patience." A keen chess player, the great Napoleon would not submit to be beaten, and if he found his skill ineffective would throw board and chessmen angrily on the ground.

Moderation in Exercise.

Exercise which is well within the powers of the body is salutary for all and probably necessary for some, but exercise by which those powers are overstrained is too often not only the precursor, but quite unmistakably the cause, of serious illness or of bodily or mental failure. "Why," inquired Saladin, "should the weak display his inferiority in the presence of the strong?" The question is as pertinent in our own day as it was in that on which it was uttered.—London Hospital.

The Place to Knock.

"It will come out all right in time," he told his wife. "Fortune knocks at every man's door once, and some day she'll knock at mine."

"It won't help you any," returned his wife, "if fortune wants to find you she'll have to go to the club and send in her card."—Chicago Post.

Out of the Frying Pan.

Husband—She is by all odds the worst cook we ever had.

Wife—I know it. But she is going to stay until we get some one else.

"That's good. I didn't know but you would have to cook the meals."—Detroit Free Press.

If a row threatens you don't let it go so far that you become bitter and are willing to hurt yourself in order to hurt your enemy.—Atchison Globe.

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Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Mason, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Camp, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Hays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffith, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Brooder.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hamberg, president; Miss Tavia Raymer, secretary; G. B. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Reddell, J. H. Mooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramer.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. W. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Holder.
Auditors—G. H. McCoy, C. C. Choate.
Judge of Election—G. A. —ackus.
Inspectors of Election—C. H. Burlingame, F. F. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SAMUEL E. BELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WM. FERGUSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

F. A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 162, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kyras Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. C. SWELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
Mrs. MIDLIE I. BIEVER, Pres't.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. W. F. SPECHT, W. M.
MRS. L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
L. P. WILCOX, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.
Time Table—Taking effect May 24, 1903.
TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.
Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:12 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:34 p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport 2:34 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.
For Clermont.
Train 122, week days..... 11:09 a. m.
Train 126, week days..... 7:12 p. m.
For Lacabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:
Train 121, week days..... 9:12 a. m.
Train 123, week days..... 2:34 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.
TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.
8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:25 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.
10:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:30 p.m., New York 10:25 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.
11:25 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:35 a. m., New York 8:30 a. m., Baltimore 7:20 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.
10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.
12:01 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, (10:38 a. m. Sundays). Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.
5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.
10:20 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.
6:30 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

NORTH		SOUTH
A. M. Lv.	STATIONS	Ar. P. M.
9:35	Ridgway	12 01
9:50	Johnsonburg	11 40
10 17	Glen Hazel	11 23
10 18	Straight	11 18
10 20	Instanter	11 15
10 29	Smith's Run	11 09
10 34	Woodvale	11 02
10 40	Clermont	11 00
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:52 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 6:35 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.
W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l. Pass. Agt.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect May 17, 1903.
Trains leave Smethport as follows:
8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south, and with the Penn'a. R. R. for points east and west.
10:15 a. m.—Train to Kane, Bradford and intermediate points, making close connections at Kane with P. R. R. train No. 3 for Warren, Irvineton Corry, Union City and Erie.
1:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Kane with P. R. R. for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia.
Trains arrive at Smethport at 9:00 a. m., 5:40 p. m. and 9:40 p. m. daily except Sunday.
For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummins, Ticket Agt. Smethport.
A. B. CAMPBELL, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Bradford, Penn'a.

The Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No. 11. Passenger Train Schedule. Effective May 24, 1903.
MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
2:00	8:10	lv	Mt. Jewett	ar	8:00	12:10
2:02	8:15		Main Street		7:57	12:05
2:07	8:20		Pt. Pleasant		7:52	12:00
2:10	8:30		Hazelhurst		7:50	11:58
2:18	8:37		Marvindale		7:43	11:51
2:22	8:40		Keason		7:39	11:47
2:30	8:47		Conies		7:31	11:39
2:34	8:53		Marvin Street		7:27	11:35
2:40	8:55		Smethport		7:20	11:29
p.m.	p.m.				a.m.	a.m.
3:25	9:14		Smethport		7:00	11:09
3:32	9:21		Crosskeys		6:53	11:02
3:36	9:25		Mullin		6:49	10:58
3:37	9:26		Farmers Valley		6:48	10:57
3:45	9:34		Coryville		6:40	10:49
3:50	9:40		Larabee		6:35	10:44

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.
W. F. MAHONEY, General Supt. C. L. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt. St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY
Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 16, 1903.

Ar. Eastward			STATIONS		Lv Westward		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.		Ar.	Lv	P.M.	A.M.
8:05	7:05	2:10	Ulysses		7:20	2:25	9:10
7:50	6:53	2:10	Crowell		7:27	2:32	9:19
7:40	0	1:57	Carpenter		0	2:34	9:32
7:40	6:28	1:53	Perkins		7:32	2:37	9:36
7:37	6:45	1:50	Newfld Junc		7:37	2:42	9:39
0	0	1:45	Newfield		7:41	2:46	0
7:05	6:36	1:41	Gold		7:44	2:49	9:46
6:50	6:30	1:35	Raymond		7:49	2:55	9:47
6:45	6:21	1:25	Swan Bdg's		8:01	3:05	10:02
6:40	6:17	1:20	Colesburg		8:04	3:09	10:10
6:25	6:10	1:12	Friess		8:12	3:17	10:20
6:15	0	1:05	N. Coudersp't		0	3:26	10:35
6:10	6:00	1:00	Dp.	Ar.	8:35	3:30	10:45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport				P.M.
4:20	7:45	12:15	Ar.	Dp.	8:28	6:00	1:20
0	0	12:13	Hammond		0	0	0
4:05	7:38	12:09	Olmsted		8:33	6:05	1:31
3:59	7:35	12:05	Mina		8:37	6:10	1:37
3:45	0	11:59	Knowlton		0	6:17	0
3:40	7:25	11:55	Roulette		8:47	6:21	1:51
3:30	7:16	11:47	Burtville		8:54	6:28	2:01
3:23	0	11:41	Coleman		0	6:34	0
3:20	0	0	Chem. Works		0	0	0
3:15	7:05	11:36	Pt. Allegany		9:08	6:40	2:25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp	Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.
Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.
Trains run on eastern standard time.
E. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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HER ONE DAY OFF

By May Everett Glover

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She was such a little woman, and he was a very large man. He first noticed her when the crowd began pushing toward the reviewing stand, and he could not help thinking that it must be hard for her to keep on her feet. Just then the parade was heard approaching, and again there was great pushing, in spite of the warnings of the policeman. The large man found himself just behind her. When the disappointed crowd swayed from the other direction, she was suddenly crowded against him.

"Look out there!" he exclaimed to the man next to her. "Can't you see how you are crowding this lady?" Then she felt an arm protectingly around her. "Excuse me, madam, but I am not going to let them crush a little mite like you."

There was such a free heartiness blended with anxiety in his tone that she laughed in spite of her indignation at the liberty he had taken.

"Thank you," she said when the crush was over and she had been released. She looked up for the first time into the dark, handsome face under the wide brimmed hat, which spoke so plainly of the west. "A cowboy," she thought. "I suppose that he has been one of the rough riders."

"No thanks needed in a crowd like this. I think it is a"— Then he paused, and his dark eyes scanned her questioningly. She felt her face flush. "Excuse me, have I ever seen you before?" he asked. "Oh, I know, you look like Anna! Beg pardon. I mean Miss Reynolds—Mrs. Bains' cousin."

"Mrs. Bains? Oh, Mrs. Bains out in Washington. Then you must be, Phil—I mean Mr. Edmunds," she said in surprise.

"Yes, Edmunds is my name, but I am Phil." And there was a twinkle in the dark eyes. "I am glad that I found you today. I have your address and wanted to call on you. I promised Mrs. Bains that I would—I wanted to anyway—but after I saw you"— He hesitated an instant. "Well, I just dreaded it. I am not used to ladies and never could get along very well with them." He laughed bashfully.

"So you were afraid to call. I don't think that I should have frightened you, do you?" She smiled.

"No, not at all; but I didn't know. I had an idea that you were very independent and wouldn't want to see a rough fellow like me, and I didn't know how you would treat me."

"Mrs. Bains wrote me that you were east on business and would call to see me and tell me all about them," she said pleasantly. "But it was strange that we should meet in this crowd and you should recognize me. I was going with some friends, but in some way we missed one another."

"You are alone then? Good! I may take care of you today, may I not?" he asked eagerly.

She looked rather surprised.

"You see we are not strangers," he said apologetically. "I have heard of Cousin Anna for years, and I have looked at your picture dozens of times. Say, I like that last one of you with that fluffy thing around your neck—I don't know what you call it. I wanted that picture the worst kind, but Mrs. Bains wouldn't give it to me, and when I took it she made me bring it back."

She laughed. Somehow she could not feel provoked with him, as she would have done with any one else. There was a ring of sincerity in his tone that made her feel instinctively that she could trust him. She was rather prepared for his abrupt way, for Mrs. Bains had written:

"You will find that Phil is like a boy and blurts out what he thinks. He is not at all used to ladies' society, but he has a high opinion of women. My husband says he is true gold. He is quite wealthy, and no one stands higher in this locality than he does."

"You may take care of me today. It will be a new experience. I am not used to being taken care of," she said after a pause.

"That is a shame. Do you know you look like Mrs. Bains, and she is the only woman that I could ever get along with. She is just like a sister to me. You see, our ranches join, and I have known the Bainses for years."

"I am glad that you know them. I have not seen them for so long."

"They want me to persuade you to come along home with me. You will, won't you?"

"I couldn't think of taking such a long vacation. You know that I am a business woman."

"Couldn't you have some business out there?" he asked anxiously.

"I might herd cattle," she laughed. "What do you think of New York?"

"There wouldn't be much pasture," he said, glancing around at the pushing, swaying crowd. "I have not been here for years—not since the year I graduated from college and thought that I knew everything," he laughed, "It seems as if I am nearly smothered with all these high buildings and crowds of people. I will be glad when I get back on my ranch again, where I have room to breathe."

In some way she felt unusually free. There was something about him that made her feel that she was really being taken care of. It was a new sensation to have some one help her over streets, on cars and pilot her through crowds. They laughed and chatted like a couple of children suddenly let loose from school. They even stopped at a corner and bought peanuts and munched them as they walked, a proceeding that would have shocked her an hour before. She could not help wondering what her friends would say if they should see her.

"Here I had an idea that you would not be at all sociable with a fellow," he said, "and I think that you are just fine. I am sorry that I did not come around and get acquainted sooner."

She looked up gratefully. They were waiting for the exhibition of fireworks, and he had found her a seat where they could have a good view and not be jostled by the crowd.

"I certainly shall remember this day," she said.

"I know that I shall," and there was a strange look on his dark, handsome face.

"I will think of it when I get lonely," she said slowly, as if half to herself.

"Do you ever get lonely?" he asked.

"Sometimes. I think that there is no place where a person can get as lonely as in a large city. Of course I have my work, but there are times when I feel it very much." Her voice trembled in spite of herself. "There!" she explained suddenly. "You are the first person to whom I have ever acknowledged that I ever got lonely," she laughed.

He leaned over and brushed a fallen leaf from her hat.

"You see this has been my one day off, and it has spoiled me, so I do not often give up a day to pleasure."

They were silent for a few minutes. Cheer after cheer went up from the crowd as the brilliant fireworks shot high in the air, but they did not seem to see them.

"Do you know that"—he suddenly paused—"I will get lonely too when I am on my ranch and think of you here, and I just don't go home without you. There it is out!" he said impulsively. "Anna, won't you go with me? I have never cared for any one before, but I think I have been laying you for years. I have known it for a long time. I heard so much about you and I learned to love your picture, but when I got here I could not summon up courage enough to call. I know that I am abrupt and not used to society, but Anna, will you marry me and go home with me? I—I do love you."

It was nearly dark, and those around were taking care of their own affairs. He leaned close to her. "I know that it is a great deal to ask you to give up everything here and go on a ranch, but I will try to take good care of you and do all that I can to make you happy," he said pleadingly.

She did not answer. He waited a few minutes.

"Forgive me, Miss Reynolds," he said, a new dignity in his tone. "I must be wild to think for a moment that you would ever dream of marrying me." His voice trembled. "I can't help loving you, but you must forget it. I thank you for the pleasure that you have given me today. It will be the one bright spot in my life. I shall often think of it."

Still she was silent. She was living the years to come—the days with her books and papers, the lonely hours she must spend and the longing that she would feel to have some one to care for her in spite of all her talk of womanly independence. And then she seemed to feel that protecting arm that had been slipped so unceremoniously around her in the crowd and the strong hand that had guided her. She asked herself if it had been only for a day that she had been so taken care of, and she knew that she would miss it on the morrow unless— She looked up at the man who had come so suddenly into her life and in whom she felt perfect trust, who would make her life so different if she would only allow him to do so, and then—she slipped her hand in his.

"I'll go with you, Phil," she whispered. "I don't believe that I can get along without you. I'll miss you so."

The Rattler's Call.

"What is the rattlesnake's rattle for?" asked the zoo keeper.

"It is a call," he resumed, answering his own question. "The rattlesnake with it calls his mate. A man was telling me the other day that he studied the rattle question last year in the west. He said it is mainly as a call that the rattle is used, though different sounds can be made with it, and these sounds appear to have different meanings.

"Once this man saw seven hogs attack a rattlesnake. The reptile began to fight pluckily, and while he fought he rattled loud and long. Three other snakes came with great speed and courage to his aid. A dreadful battle followed. The snakes, though they fought well, were all killed.

"The rattle is also said to charm or hypnotize birds, so that the snake can seize them easily, but in this story my friend doesn't take much stock. It's as a call, he says, that the rattle is used most—a love call generally, with which the male snake summons his mate."—Philadelphia Record.

Intelligence in Eating.

It is difficult to lay down a regimen for indiscriminate adoption. A diet that would prove one person's making would very likely unmake another. This much is certain: a woman does not require as much food as a man, nor does a clerk in a store require the same amount and quality of food as a day laborer. A business woman may not eat so much as a man, but her needs are as great in point of quality and regularity of food.

Brain workers should eat fish, eggs, cream, fruits and whole wheat bread. They should eat enough of such food, be they men or women, but they should never overeat of anything.

An intelligent idea of our physical make up and of the nutritive value of different foods would preclude much recourse to doctors for advice when we are overtaken with indigestion or biliousness.—American Queen.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

Devotions of a Scotch Farmer Who Thought Well of Himself.

An old Ayrshire farmer used regularly to deliver himself of the following similar allusion as a grace before meat:

"Tak' aff yer bonnets, honest men! Are they a' aff? Oh, Lord, weed oot a' the papists oot o' the land—pluck them oot as we do the thistle frae oot o' the grund. Pour doon a shoover o' whittles upo' a' the loons that wear the lawn sleeves, for they eat up the fat an' the lean o' the land an' vitiate let a puir body like me gang his ain way. Dig a muckle dike atween us an' hell, but a far muckler and slaygen us an' the wild Irish. Oh, grunt that the gray mare braking the tether nor the wind blaw doon the haystacks. Grunt that we may keep the broon coo, the crummie coo an' Bowtie, Sir, oh, preserve us frae wullfires an' warlocks an' beasts wi' hairy nebs that gang in mang the heather. Grunt a gude thing an' gude it hands to a' honest fowk an' a', men present an' I, my ain sel', wha am as muckle as one sax o' them. Shower doon a blessin' on a honest man that keeps bible bounders, sic like as Abraham, Isaac an' Jacob, were in the holy land o' Canaan. Give to oorsels nae to a' the green's o' Scotland weel an' fortitude till endure a' the ills an' cares o' this life, an' as what we've gotten is it oor ain, it's naebody's business. Grant a blessing on the present favor. Amen!"—Scottish American.

Fiction In History.

Thomas Carlyle in his history of the French revolution gives a description of a naval battle June 1, 1794, off Brest between Villaret-Joyeuse, in command of the French fleet, and Admiral Howe, in which he vividly depicts the sinking of the Vengeur.

These are the concluding sentences: "Lo, all flags, streamers, jacks, every rag of tricolor that will yet run on rope thus rustling aloft; the whole crew crowds to the upper deck, and with universal soul maddening yell shouts 'Vive la republique!' sinking, sinking. She staggers, she turns—her last drunk whirl. Ocean yawns abysmal; down rushes the Vengeur, carrying 'Vive la republique' along with her unconquerable, into eternity."

Rear Admiral Griffiths, at the time a lieutenant on board the Culloden, wrote up a newspaper to show that Carlyle's account had no foundation in fact. After investigation Carlyle admitted that not a word of this thrilling story was true except that the Vengeur sank.

Gambetta's Skull.

When Gambetta died the medical authorities requested Dr. Laborde, the distinguished physician, to examine his brain, and, going to Ville d'Avray, where the body lay, he began work as soon as possible. First he opened the skull and then, removing the brain, laid it on a napkin and took it to his own house, where, for the purpose of preserving it, he placed it in a solution of sublimate of zinc.

Unfortunately before doing so he had forgotten to weigh it, and when he took it out of the solution next day he found that a portion of it had been dissolved and that what remained of the brain of the famous statesman weighed only 700 grams, which is about the weight of an idiot's brain.

Dr. Laborde, it is said, never forgave himself for making this blunder.

Very Like Reason.

The crows and other birds that carry shellfish high in the air and then let them drop upon the rocks to break the shell show something very like reason or a knowledge of the relation of cause and effect. Froude tells of some species of bird that he saw in South Africa flying amid the swarm of migrating locusts and clipping off the wings of the insects so that they would drop to the earth, where the birds could devour them at their leisure. Our squirrels will cut off the chestnut burs before they have opened, allowing them to fall to the ground, where, as they seem to know, the burs soon dry open. Feed a caged coon soiled food—a piece of bread or meat rolled on the ground—and before he eats it he will put it in his dish of water and wash it off.—John Burroughs in Century.

Norwegian Cure For Drunkenness.

In Norway drunkenness is punished by imprisonment. As soon as a man is incarcerated the delinquent has a loaf and wine morning and evening. The bread is served in a wooden bowl full of wine, in which it has been soaking for an hour. The first day the drunkard swallows his allowance willingly enough. The second day it seems less pleasing. At the end of eight or ten days prisoners have been known to abstain altogether from the food thus pitilessly presented. This course of treatment finished, the drunkard, except in rare instances, is radically cured.

The Sly Politician.

"Why don't you make a plain, straightforward statement about whether or not you mean to be a candidate?"

"What's the use?" answered the prudent politician. "Just at present the only thing that's keeping me before the public is the doubt on that question."—Washington Star.

His Humble Qualifications.

"The old man doesn't speak any foreign language, does he?"

"No. He's just a plain, downright, honest, no style, hard workin', money makin', family supportin' American!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Virtue of Necessity.

Thorne—Jack Gladland says he has given up borrowing money.

Bramble—He had to. All his friends have given up lending to him.—Stray Stories.

TO SEE THE SECRETARY

By Katherine M'Donald

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The secretary sat in his office and fumed at the heat. He was born in a Hoosier log cabin and had attended a college of the northwest. He had gone to housekeeping in a little old mossy cottage for which he found it difficult at times to pay $8 a month rental. Yet at fifty he sat in that noble room, whose long windows let in the breeze from the Potomac and framed a view indescribable for the mingling of natural and artificial beauty set and tuned at the best. Williams, the messenger, entered. He was like most negroes, a sort of human barometer, and he never failed to suit his bearing to his master's humor. On this occasion he was obsequious, patient, but bored.

"That woman's still thah, boss," he said.

"Didn't I tell you to get rid of her?"

"Yassah, I been tryin', but she's a slayer. Fust time I done like you say—I told her 'Mr. Secretary's engaged.' Tell him I'll wait until he is at liberty,' she say, like she de lady of the inn herself. Next time I say, 'Beg yo' pahdon, madam, for not tellin' yo' sooner, but Mr. Secretary he's out,' and she look up and say, 'Tell him I'll wait until he comes in.' Yassah, she say them identical words."

"What kind of looking woman is she, William—young and smart?"

"No, she gettin' long t'ward middle life, sah, and she mighty shabby. Still, I ain't say but she is got a quality eye, and she do hol' her head up mightily."

"Oh, well," said the secretary, with a sigh of resignation, "I'll see her and have it over."

The woman William ushered in was shabby. Not only were her clothes worn and rusty, but they had never been either fine or tasteful. Your lady in temporary straits always has some bit of faded elegance to prove that she has seen better days. This woman was clearly the habitual patron of bargain counters when she bought at all.

Still, as William had said, she carried her head high—a noble head, with bold, clear lines and a mass of soft, well kept hair. The secretary arose, and they faced each other for one silent moment, she surveying him with a calm and friendly air, he dazed by the glimmering apparition of a younger and brighter presence which came between them.

"Can this be Laura Camden?" he asked. Her eyes filled at all his tone implied. For an instant her bearing changed—she lost her courage—then she threw up her head, with a defiant laugh.

"This is all that is left of her. And is this Tom Lloyd?" She swept the room with a calculating glance. It was as if she estimated the cost of the massive table and rich chairs. Instantly she turned her eyes back upon the secretary as if to measure him.

He flushed and rallied.

"Yes; this is Tom Lloyd, the fellow you wouldn't have, you know."

"Well," she laughed impudently, then sank into the chair nearest her and ran a furtive, appreciative finger over the tapestry covering.

"You married Tucker Barton?" he asked.

"Oh, yes! And he turned out as every one predicted. I took the character, don't I—a drunkard's widow who has neither hope nor pride left?"

Her voice rang clear—no tremor of self pity, no note of shame or appeal.

"By Jove!" the secretary said to himself, "this is Laura, and she's got the old spirit in her still!"

"Can I do anything for you?" he asked.

"Why, yes, if you will. Of course I didn't come merely to call—nor to recall. I want a place in one of the departments."

"What kind of a place?"

"I'm not particular," she said coolly. "You know very well I have neither talent nor training. You will have to treat me as if I were a political henchman and find me something which will require neither. I could keep accounts, but I think I should like to be in the library. There is a ladies' room, you know, as well as women attendants."

"But that is such a menial place."

She spread out her hands, brown and knotted and calloused. He drew back in a sort of shame and would have hidden his own had he dared. They were too white and soft and prosperous to lie in full sight on the table before her.

"The wages are small—not more than $60 or $75 a month."

"Not more?" She looked at him with glittering eyes. Her voice trembled now and seemed to express want and despair and resentment together. "Tom Lloyd! Sixty dollars a month—every month? That would be riches to me!"

He shrank back in the chair. "Laura," he said, "why have you never come before? You live in Washington, and you might have come. Any time in the last ten years I've been here."

"Oh, yes. I know—Congressman Lloyd, Senator Lloyd, Secretary Lloyd. And I have, as you say, been here all the time. I've wanted to come, but she wouldn't let me."

"She?"

"Laura—Laura Camden, the girl you knew. She was always throwing it up to me that things might have been different." She fingered the tassels of the chair, and she dropped her eyes with the timidity of a girl.

The secretary's heart beat fast. He leaned toward her and spoke softly. "Yes, you might have been the wife of the secretary of the navy by now, Laura." She tossed her head in her old impudent way and looked straight into his suffused eyes.

"I should not," she said. "If I had married you, Tom Lloyd, you wouldn't have been sitting here today."

"Why not?" he asked, with a sense of offense.

"Oh, because"—she leaned closer—"if you had married me you shouldn't have been a mere secretary at fifty. You would have been president!"

He looked at her and answered with quiet conviction:

"Yes; I should have been president with you to inspire me."

"I should never have done it by inspiration, Tom. I should have kept you at it, and I never would have let you think well of yourself so long as there was another man ahead of you." She arose, and, taking up her shabby umbrella and imitation leather bag, as if to go, she returned to the subject of the appointment.

"Am I to have that place then—chambermaid or scrubwoman or ladies' attendant, whichever you call it—at the Embassy?" As he hesitated her features seemed to sharpen with anxiety. "Oh, Tom," she pleaded, "if you can get it for me, don't refuse! I have another to take care of, and she is paralyzed, and there is so little I can do to earn a living!"

She swayed against the table then, suddenly recovering her pride and courage again, she continued in a tone of calm politeness:

"I am sorry to have troubled you, Mr. Secretary. Of course there are many who appeal to you even on the strength of old and forgotten friendships." She turned toward the door with a certain grace and dignity which brought an indulgent smile to the secretary's lips. He sprang up and stepped quickly in front of her.

"This is not a case of forgotten friendship, Laura. I have never forgotten, never wished to forget, but you can't have that place. It doesn't suit you. There is another opening—one in which you can be of much greater service. I do so want to be president. Won't you undertake to make one of me, Laura?"

She turned her back upon him and clutched the table while her face worked terribly.

"No, Tom, I won't. Don't ask me. If you were poor and all worn out and broken down by life or if we could go back to your youth"—

"Laura, I've always suspected that you regretted that old decision. I've thought a good many times that if I had asked again that next summer at camp meeting you wouldn't have given the same answer." He came around the table and compelled her to face him.

"Would you, Laura?"

"What does it matter now? I married Tucker and managed to conquer my love for you and now"—

"Your love for me? There! I have wanted that admission a good many times in my life, Laura, and I've got it. If you loved me once, you can again."

"Oh, well," she laughed, but her voice trembled, "I should like to see you president, Tom, after all!"

Trajan's Floating Palace.

Marcus Ulpius Nerva Trajanus, the Trajan of Roman biography and one of Rome's most renowned emperors, constructed or was responsible for the construction of three of the most remarkable works of the early years of the Christian era—Trajan's column, Trajan's wall, and Trajan's floating palace. History is full of accounts concerning the two former, but the last seems to have been pretty generally overlooked by the early as well as the later gleaners of rare and curious information. The monk Tartenius, who mentions it in his "Ecclesiasticq," says that it was constructed and purposely sunken in Lake Nemi, an arch tunnel allowing communication with the shore. In this case it would certainly have gone into history as "Trajan's sunken palace" instead of "floating palace."

It is generally believed, Tartenius to the contrary, that it was originally an imperial palace intended for the use of the emperor and his family during their summer excursions on Lake Nemi. Another faction of antiquarians are of the opinion that it was not built during the lifetime of Trajan. Southwick says that it was sunk in the year 105 A. D., seventy-eight years after the death of the emperor for which it was named. Marchi, who explored it in a diving suit on July 15, 1535, declared it to be in a good state of preservation; also that it was 500 feet long, 270 feet in breadth and 60 feet deep.

A Spoiled Adventure.

An old Iowa practitioner, a lawyer of ability and an orator of known reputation, was pitted against a recent graduate in the profession in the trial of a case before a jury. The young lawyer had the first say, and in making his address to the jury he took particular pains to imitate certain mannerisms of the older lawyer. He carefully adjusted his coils before beginning his argument, stroked an imaginary imperial on his chin and then rested the index finger of his right hand along the side of his nose. These were the habitual preliminary mannerisms of the older lawyer, and as they were repeated several times throughout the argument which was made by the young man they provoked the jury and judge to laughter.

When the veteran arose to make reply he did not neglect to go through his preliminary motions with even more deliberation and precision than usual. He bowed to the judge and to the jury and then began:

"Gentlemen of the jury and your honorable sir, that young man acts like a good lawyer, but he talks like a blamed fool."

The advantage which the young man thought he had gained in the contest vanished in the roar of laughter which followed at his expense.

THE INSTINCT FOR DOLLS.

Rag Babies More Loved Than Their Gaudy Wax Sisters.

Few things are more psychologically interesting than the instinct which makes little girls (sometimes before they are able to articulate) seize upon any absurd object to satisfy the maternal instinct; even a bottle wrapped in a towel has served the purpose, for, like savages, when they worship they are content with the rudest imitation of the human figure. On that wretched caricature, the dauntless and dumpy rag doll, boundless affection is bestowed, and with it how many Socratic dialogues are held!

As time goes on this rudimentary effigy is exchanged for others which better satisfy newly developed tastes and feelings. A girl of six is not content unless her doll baby bears some resemblance to her mother's baby. Aided by this mirage of reality, the imagination leaps all bounds. But it is checked by too studied an imitation of life. The splendid, richly dressed creature of wax is never really loved. Its lameness chills the fancy. It is imposed upon the affections, not created by them. And too large a doll is seldom much liked. A small doll, not too handsome, is usually the favorite.

As girls grow older there may often be seen a touching suggestion of a fact familiar in real life, a partiality for the weakest and least favored of the doll family.—Good Housekeeping.

The Hindoo Saree.

The saree is the national costume of almost all Hindoo women and occasionally of Mohammedan women in India. It is an entire cloth, in many cases eighteen yards long and about a yard broad. In texture the cloth varies to suit the poorest as well as the richest inhabitants of the country. In the matter of tying and wearing the garment there is little difference anywhere. The cloth, which has one plain end, is passed around the loins and the upper border tied in a strong knot. The cloth is then passed two, three or even four times around the waist to form a petticoat, which, if the saree be a proper width, reaches to the ground. A portion is then pleated neatly into folds and tucked in before so as to hang down in front to the instep, or even lower. The remainder of the cloth is passed across the bosom over the left shoulder and head, on which it rests, the ornamental ends falling partly over the right arm below the waist. In the south of India, however, the end does not pass over the head. It is drawn tightly over the left shoulder and bosom and tucked into the waist behind or on the right hip.

The Snake's Whistle.

Presumptuously somewhat muddy and breathing a little hard, but I was not wholly disgruntled. I had heard and seen a black snake whistle. I had never even known of the habit before. Since then I have seen one other snake do it, and I think I have heard the sound three or four times. It is almost indescribable. The jaws were closed as it was made, not even the throat moving, that I could see. The air seemed to be blown violently through the nostrils, though sounding as it driven through the teeth—a shrilling hiss, fine and piercing, which one not so much hears as feels—feels it crisping cold along his nerves. It may seem strange, but I believe this whistle is a mating call. Even the forked tongue for may be the nose) of a snake grows vocal with love.—Dallas Lore Sheep in National Magazine.

All Wear Costly Raiment.

No man who eats in a restaurant ever pays less than $75 for a suit or an overcoat, and no woman who eats in a public place ever wears a waist costing less than $25, and frequently the cost is much more, at least so says the proprietor of a fashionable New York restaurant. He, like all restaurant owners, occasionally receives complaints from people who have lost an overcoat—or mislaid one—and who have had garments positively ruined by a careless waiter spilling soup or something else on a portion of it, usually a sleeve, and he says that the above figures are the lowest quotations he ever heard.

Exit the Editor.

"You have no use for the papers, you say?" remarked the tourist.

"No," replied the wild westerner. "They get too personal sometimes. I did subscribe to a paper once, but I stopped it."

"What paper is it you refer"

"You mean what paper was it. Ain't I just told you I stopped it? Done it in one shot too."—Philadelphia Press.

An Important Distinction.

She—I suppose that it would take a great deal of observation and experience to enable a man to pick the fastest horse entered for a race.

He (mournfully)—Yes, but that isn't what you are trying to do. What you want is to pick the horse that is going to win.—New York Times.

Not So Bad.

"Poor man," she said, stooping over the victim who had just been dragged out from under her automobile, "have you a wife?"

"No," he groaned, "this is the worst thing that ever happened to me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

For Her Own Relief.

Mrs. Sububs—I'm going to let the maid off for a couple of weeks.

Mr. Sububs—What! Why, she's not entitled to a vacation.

Mrs. Sububs—No, but I am.—Exchange.

The blockhead and the genius are akin in at least one respect—both were born that way.

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BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

Mrs. MAGUIRE'S MEDIATION

By M. LOUISE CUMMINS

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It had been a hard day for Mrs. Maguire. No one could have blamed her for wondering, as it drew toward a close, whether every mother of a large family was not traveling with her brood on that particular holiday. For the twentieth time since morning she made a tour of her domain in an ineffectual attempt to evolve order out the reigning chaos.

Near one of the half dozen cots which studded the waiting room she paused. Her glance swept the women assembled there ere she stooped over it.

"H-m-m," she mused. "'Tis a good two hours and more since I seen her sitting at that desk."

The tiny occupant of the cot, whose life might have been reckoned by weeks, stirred uneasily. Mrs. Maguire bent again with tender touch. Something was in her hand when she stood upright. She betook herself to the beribboned young woman in the little kiosk of sweetmeats outside.

"Here's a bit of a letter, Annie," she said, insinuatingly. "I'd like to have you read for me."

The girl took it.

"To the waiting woman with the kind face," she read slowly.

Mrs. Maguire plucked the paper from her hand.

"Never mind; I know the rest," she said shortly.

Her face was a bewildered page as she turned away. It cleared suddenly. She went quickly forward.

"Mr. Fletcher, sir!"

The depot master paused.

"For the love of heaven, will you read this for me—me sight isn't what it once was, even for print—and don't you say a word of the contints to living mortal!"

She nodded as he read the inscription and listened with distending eyes.

"If you have a woman's heart—and I know, from your kind face that you have—take care of my baby. I am dying and have no one with whom to leave her. Oh, if you could get my mother to take my child!"

The letter ended abruptly. A name and address were written below. The depot master looked over his glasses at Mrs. Maguire and whistled below his breath.

"The Lord save us!" she ejaculated in an awed whisper.

Half an hour later her feet were pressing the soft pile of a Turkish rug in a brilliantly lighted library. To the footman was "sister's son to a cousin of her own" she owed her admittance. In the hall her foot had tripped in the hind of a tiger skin and jolted the little bundle in her arms. It lay safely enough now against her breast.

A door at the end of the room opened. Mrs. Maguire's heart grew faint within her. The woman who came forward, her ermine lined cloak hanging loosely from her shoulders, looked at her with eyes as coldly blue as a lake in winter.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" Mrs. Maguire's gaze held hers without flinching. She took a step forward.

"Yes, ma'am," she said quietly. "You can take your grandchild."

The woman's whole figure stiffened.

"Your grandchild, ma'am," Mrs. Maguire repeated insinuatingly.

"You mistake. I have no grandchild."

"Wisha, now, to think of your not knowing it!" Mrs. Maguire said pityingly. "And your daughter's child too!"

"I have no daughter."

"Maybe that's truer than you think. 'Twas dying she said she was, and 'twas dying she looked. God help her!"

A spasm went over the cold face.

"H-m-m" thought Mrs. Maguire. "You're a woman after all." Encouraged by the slight show of feeling, she advanced, still holding out the child.

"Stop! I will not touch it!" The words were forced from between hard, dry lips.

Mrs. Maguire looked from the tiny, wrinkled face on her arm to the one before her and back again. "Faith, if you never touch worse you'll do well," she said shortly.

In mute apology she lifted the helpless hand, laying the little palm against her lips. Instantly the fingers closed gropingly on her mouth. Mrs. Maguire's face changed as if by magic.

"STOP! I WILL NOT—TOUCH IT!"

"Wisha, will you look at that!" she cried gleefully. "Is it grab the mouth off me you would?"

Suddenly she sat down, her breast heaving, her whole frame shaken. "Oh," she breathed, "'tis no more than twenty years old I am this minit with the feel of it in me arms! Oh, Nora, me little lady, Mat's gone from me! And Mike—God rest his soul—bending over me so proud! Oh, wirra, wirra! 'Tis neither chick nor child that's left to me this day!"

She lifted the hem of the baby's dress and wiped the small face tenderly where her tears had splashed on it. With trembling mouth she passionately kissed each sole of the tiny, wrinkled feet, crooning broken words of love.

Something was born in the face of the woman who watched her. It grew into a ligerish hunger in the eyes which followed Mrs. Maguire's every movement. The latter rose to go.

"You must excuse me, ma'am," she said apologetically. "If you'd had a little gert and lost her, you'd know how it brings it all back." She turned toward the door.

"Give me the child!"

Mrs. Maguire fell back. Instinctively she laid the little head against her neck and her hand upon it in protection.

"Give me—my grandchild!"

The ermine cloak lay unheeded on the floor. With outstretched arms the woman whose mother love had been starved and clamoring in secret besought her.

"Woman, do you hear?"

Mrs. Maguire could no more have held the baby against the hungry strength of those empty arms than she could have stemmed a river at flood.

For a moment she stood with hands hanging listlessly at her sides, listening to the low crooning of the woman who sat huddled on a stool with the little bundle against her breast. Then blindly she felt her way out.

In the street she paused a moment and looked up at the stars.

"Now," she said, as though making a promise to some one above them, "with the help of God I'll find the mother."

Traveling Mechanics.

A feature in the workaday life of China, says the author of "Society In China," is the number of itinerant craftsmen who earn their livelihood on the streets. Every domestic want, from the mending of a broken saucer to shaving a man's head, is supplied by these useful peripatetics.

If a man's jacket needs mending or his shoes repairing he summons a passing tailor or cobbler, and possibly while waiting for his mended clothes employs the services of a traveling barber to plait his cue. Even blacksmiths carry about with them the very simple instruments of their trade, and the bellows which blow the flame are commonly so constructed as to serve when required as a box for the tools and for a seat to rest the owner when weary.

The smallest tools are all that a workman has at his disposal, and the idea never seems to occur to him that an improvement in their structure is either called for or necessary. The Chinese boy who wishes to move a block of stone knows no better means for the purpose than the shoulders of his fellow man, supplemented by bamboos and ropes. The carpenter who wants to saw up a fallen tree does so with his own hand, without a thought of the easier device of a sawmill.

So it is with every branch of industry.

They Never Took Mustard.

An Englishman, fond of roaming about the world, says that he was once on a large steamer where he had for his fellow passengers many Brazilians and Portuguese.

It was the first time that he had encountered individuals of either nation, and he was curious.

"What sort of people do you find them?" he asked the captain one day as they paced the quarter deck together.

"Well, sir," he answered, "they're a queer lot, and that's the truth of it."

"How so?"

"For one thing," said the captain, "they all of them, man, woman and child, squeeze their feet into boots that gives a man the cramp to look at."

"And what besides?"

The captain turned short upon the speaker as if the second development of nationality was really almost beyond his patience.

"When they eat roast beef, sir, they won't take a bit of mustard with it. Now, that's a fact!"

His Form of Enjoyment.

A well known novelist, who was staying in a small Yorkshire village in order to make a study of native character, happened to meet one of the two postmen of the district. Now this postman has to walk close upon twenty miles every day, his round being through one of the most dismal parts of the country.

In answer to inquiries, he told the novelist that he had delivered the letters on the same round for fifty years, excepting a fortnight's holiday each year.

"Ah," said the novelist, seeking for information, what a change it must be for you after your tedious task! No doubt you run up to London or pay a short visit to some other large town. Come, tell me how you spend your hard earned holiday?"

"Well," answered the postman, "having mostly nowt to do at hoam, I allus goes round wi' t'other man."—London Tit-Bits.

Behind Bars.

Bus Driver (to car man of van in front, which is blocking the way)—J'yer, get on, get on! You're bin keepin' us waitin' five minutes.

Van Driver (turning round)—Five minutes? Well, that ain't so long. You 'ad to wait five years once, 'adn't yer?—London Tit-Bits.

White and Black.

Mrs. Suburbe—I suppose, now that Uncle Mose is better, he is out doing a little whitewashing?

Aunt Chloe—No; he's at home doin' a little black washin'. He's gibin' Ill Ephrum a bath in de wash boiler in de kitching.—Brooklyn Life.

ODDITIES IN PET NAMES.

Cat and Pig Are the Terms Coveted by French Women.

"If a man in this country calls his wife a cat the foundation is laid for a divorce suit," said the man who travels. "But a French woman takes the same word as a term of endearment. It's odd how the choicest phrases in the vocabulary of affection of one people are used for quite an opposite purpose by another nation. One of the most familiar and most coveted phrases of endearment among the French, for instance, is 'my little pig,' and 'my little puppy dog' is also well liked.

"But if the Frenchman were to call Mme. Narcisse duck,' as an American husband might lovingly call his better half, she would be very much offended. One of the oddest pet names that I ever heard of was that used by a famous German general, who always called his wife 'my little kernel of coffee.' They were divorced at last, however, and a cynic said that the general's pet name should have been 'my dear little stack of bayonets,' for the lady was said to have had a very sharp tongue. I know a devoted disciple of Walton, who, when writing to his wife while on a fishing expedition, calls her 'my dear little speckled trout.'"—New York Press.

Why Razors Get Tired.

"Do you know why we dip a razor in warm water before we begin shaving, and do you know why some ignorant men say a razor is tired?" asked the barber. "Well, this is all due to the fact that a razor is a saw, not a knife, and it works like a saw, not like a knife. Examined under the microscope its edge, that looks so smooth to the naked eye, is seen to have innumerable and fine saw teeth. When these teeth get clogged with dirt all the honing and strapping in the world will do no good—the razor is dull and nothing will sharpen it. Then is the time the ignorant say it is 'tired' and stop using it, but the wise know it is only clogged.

"The wise, though, don't suffer their razors to get clogged. They dip them in warm water before they use them, and thus the teeth are kept clean. It is because a razor is a saw that lather doesn't soften the beard, as so many people think. It stiffens it, so that it will present a firm and resisting surface to the razor."—Philadelphia Record.

One Oculist's Advice.

"So you have been trying to doctor your own eyes," remarked the oculist as the patient removed the bandage, displaying an aggravated case of conjunctivitis. "In many cases you can cure yourself, but if you don't know what treatment to avoid you are liable to do yourself injury. Old house wife remedies are all right in their place, but I would advise you not to use tea leaves. They often give relief, but they bring on other complications. In fact, the tea leaf eye is well known to the profession. The lid is puffy, baggy and lifeless. If you wish to reduce the inflammation in your eyes use hot water with a cloth. That is enough. Yes, you may add salt if you wish, but it is not necessary in most cases. Salt is merely an antiseptic and has no other virtue for eye lotions."—New York Press.

All Brushed Off.

A lady called at a chemist's shop, then, after examining one or two articles, remembered that she wanted some cosmetic for the toilet and turning to the chemist, asked, "Have you any bloom of youth?"

The merchant, over whose head more than fifty summers had passed, turned to one of his assistants and asked in a business way, "Have I any bloom of youth left?"

The clerk looked up with a quiet smile and answered, "I believe not, sir."—London Globe.

English Injustice.

An Australian tourist traveling in the west of Ireland asked an old woman how far it was to the nearest town. She sadly looked at him, then sighed and said:

"It was five nice miles two years ago, but some English brute came over with chains and made it seven, and our hearts are broke walking it ever since, bad luck to them!"

And she disappeared into the house, leaving him there.—Illustrated Bits.

The More Difficult Part.

"The actor," said Roscius, "should always forget that he has an audience. He should immerse his soul in his lines, and—"

"That's all very pretty," interrupted Horatio Tiewalker. "It isn't half as much trouble to forget that he has an audience as to forget that he hasn't one."—Judge.

In and Out.

First Officer—Yes, we were marching over a plank bridge when it gave way, and the men fell in.

Second Officer—And what did you do?

First Officer—Oh, I ordered them to fall out.—Illustrated Bits.

Unlucky.

"Yes, since Mrs. Gotrox broke a mirror yesterday she is convinced that it is very unlucky."

"How superstitious!"

"Not at all. It was a French plate mirror and cost $400."—Baltimore News.

Sure of Him.

Kitty—They tell me Fred has proposed to you?

Bertha—Well, no; not exactly, but it amounts to that. He asked me right before last if my father was worth as much as they say he is.—Boston Transcript.

What He Preferred.

Magistrate—And I understand that you prefer charges against this man.

Grocer—No, your worship; I prefer cash, and that's what I brought him here for.—London Tit-Bits.

Before employing a fine word find a place for it.—Joubet.

FREAKS OF CLOCKS.

THE STRANGE, WARNING CHIMED FROM STRASSBURG CATHEDRAL.

Peculiarities of the Timepiece in the British House of Lords—The Madness of Mechlin's Clock—"When Clocks Go Crazy, Things Go Daft."

There is an old saw which declares that "when clocks go crazy, things go daft."

At 2 a. m. on Sept. 27, 1859, the world famous clock in the great cathedral at Strassburg commenced to chime without rhyme or reason. It sounded 1,870 peals, then stopped and after an interval slowly began to toll as if for a great one dead.

The political atmosphere of Europe at that time was indicative of profound peace. Nothing of danger or disgrace could by any possibility be conceived of as threatening Strassburg or its inhabitants. Yet less than a year afterward the German armies had encircled the city with a ring of steel and fire. The German shells were falling thickly in her streets and squares and exploding even within the precincts of the stately cathedral itself. And precisely at 2 a. m. Sept. 27, 1870, General Ulrich signed the capitulation which was to deliver Strassburg into the hands of the invaders.

In the house of lords is a certain historical timepiece which is said to invariably suffer from temporary aberration whenever a member of the royal family of Britain passes away. The peculiarity was first noticed when William IV. died. Very early in the morning the clock began to emit a series of peculiar gurgling noises, as though gasping for breath, went suddenly slow and finally stopped altogether. All efforts to start it failed, and on the evening of the day of the funeral it restarted of its own accord, nor did it give any further trouble whatever for many years afterward.

It has over and over again been noticed that clocks, especially those situated in the turrets of high buildings having unusually deep foundations are liable to go wrong in sympathy with seismic disturbances happening in distant sometimes very far away.

On Nov. 1, 1755, for instance, fully half the timepieces in Edinburgh were affected. Many stopped altogether. Others went slow or fast or started striking wrongly. In this the superstitious saw some calamity impending, and it was not until news arrived of the great Lisbon earthquake that the alarm was allayed. It was then discovered, by comparing times and dates, that the first shock must have traveled from Fez in Morocco to Cape Wrath in less than eight seconds.

A curious coincident was then recalled. On the evening of April 7, exactly five years previously, several thousands of persons, particularly those of rank and fortune, had camped out in Hyde park and had thus passed the hours from dusk till daylight.

This was to avoid an earthquake shock, which had been predicted for the early morning of the 8th by an alleged "madman." The threatened quake, however, failed to materialize, and the scared ones got heartily laughed at for their pains. Nevertheless, it was noted at the time that several of the public and private clocks of the metropolis stopped at precisely the same moment on the morning in question, and this fact at once took on a new and sinister significance.

"Was it possible," people began to ask, "that the so called 'madman' was not so very 'mad' after all and that London had providentially escaped what might possibly have been a hideous and unparalleled catastrophe?"

The so called "madness" of Mechlin's clock constitutes one of the most mysterious incidents of the Napoleonic wars. It happened in 1800. Two years previously the Corsican usurper had razed a portion of the city to the ground, and the place had also suffered severely in other ways. But the magnificent cathedral had been spared, and then, as now, its massive tower rising 800 feet and bearing four dials, each fortyeight feet in diameter, was one of the most striking landmarks for miles and miles around.

Inside the tower was the gigantic clock, the biggest in the world. It had boomed the hours for longer than the oldest burgher could remember and had never gone wrong. When, therefore, in the early dawn of one summer day the great bell began clanging furiously small wonder that not only the city, but the whole countryside, was roused. Mechlin itself was like a disturbed hive, men rushing from their houses half dressed, but all armed, while from every town and village within a radius of twenty miles angry peasants poured cityward.

It was a false alarm, however, after all. No assault followed. No column of dust on the horizon heralded the advance of the enemy, although anxious eyes watched all day. But when toward evening one more curious than his fellows bethought him to examine the interior of the clock tower in order to discover if possible the reason for the clock's strange behavior a grewsome sight met his view.

Entangled in the massive works of the huge timepiece, torn, gashed, every bone broken, was the body of a French officer. He had evidently climbed into the tower unobserved and had been caught by the machinery while engaged in tampering with it. What his object was in so doing none ever knew. That it was something sinister there could be no doubt. Probably he had intended to so arrange the interior mechanism of the clock as to cause it to sound a signal later in the day. At all events, whatever his plan, it miscarried. And he himself fell a victim to his own temerity and want of knowledge.

Her Military Taste.

"Is she fond of the military?"

"I should say she was. Why, she has all her books bound in one color, so they will be uniform."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A docile disposition will, with application, surmount every difficulty.

A Peculiarity of Japan.

"One of the strange features of Japan," said a man who has lived long in that country, "is that all crops and fruits are almost certain to deteriorate. I have seen beautiful peaches grown the first year from stock imported from the United States. The second year they were still fairly good, the third season poor, and after that unfit to eat. Nothing in the vegetable world would seem to retain its excellence for any length of time. It is a bamboo country and everything reverts to the bamboo. Beautiful lush grass covers many a plain, and yet it gives no nutriment to cattle. Garden vegetables look as fine as any grown in the United States, but when cooked they have no taste. The flowers are of gorgeous hues, but they are without perfume.

"But even with these imperfections it is a very interesting corner of the earth, and many things recommend it. Its inhabitants are in their way a fine people. In the rural districts particularly the natives are the most honorable beings I ever met. In the cities they are sharper mentally, but not nearly so scrupulous."

The Emotional Foreigner.

I saw a very pathetic sight on Forbes street, said the observing young woman, and it made me smile. A poor foreigner—I can't tell you his nationality—stood on the corner surrounded by a big pile of luggage.

He signaled to an approaching car, but the car passed right on. Motorman and conductor possibly objected to the load of freight. No sooner had the car passed than the young man burst out crying, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. It seemed strange to see a man act so.

It was one of those stories which have no beginning and no ending. It may be that he had waited there long and that no car would stop for him. It may be that he thought that that was the last car that was going to his destination. I only know that he was a stranger in a strange land and that he seemed broken hearted and that I smiled to see a grown man in tears for so simple a thing.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Cues as Life Preservers.

The fashion of wearing the hair in a cue commenced to wane in the latter part of the seventeenth century. As we think now of those queer pistol appendages it seldom occurs to us that they could have been of any use except as an index to human folly. It appears, however, that occasionally they were a very important part of a gentleman's person, as may be inferred from the following complaint published in England at the time the fashionables commenced to cut their hair:

"The hatters of Brighton complain bitterly of the trouble they have in pulling young gentlemen out of the sea since they have cut off their cues. Full one of these docked fashionables is drowned from this circumstance the rage for cropping will not die out."

Encouraging the Horses.

A clergyman who spent many years in missionary work in the west says that he had occasion one day to ride in a hill stagecoach up a steep hill. The driver where the ascent was steepest got out and walked, and as he walked he would frequently open the door of the coach and then shut it again with a slam. This the passengers found annoying.

"Look here, driver!" one of them said. "Why do you kick up such an infernal noise with that door?"

"To hearten up my horses," the driver answered. "Every time they hear this door close they think that one of you, taking pity on them, has got out, and that makes them imagine that their load is lighter."

Don't Play Hymns at Sea.

Any woman who takes a sea voyage should be careful not to play or sing hymns [illegible] Sunday service. She should think singing hymns at any other time is bound to bring bad luck. It is as true, they say, as having a parson aboard, which is reckoned a sure sign that the ship will go to "Davy Jones' locker."

One Cause For Satisfaction.

"Well," said the detective, "there is one thing upon which we may congratulate ourselves in this case."

"Why, you haven't even found an important clew?"

"That's just it. We can rest assured that no innocent person is going to suffer."—Washington Star.

Hard Words.

"Your fingers seem twisted and bruised," we write on the pad which forms the medium of conversation with the deaf and dumb youth. "Are you on the ball team at your institution?"

"No, sir," he writes in reply to our question. "I have taken up a course in Russian."—Judge.

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